

FIVE CENTS
Liberty
FEB. 14, 1942



OVERLIER THAN EVER, by the Author of What Makes Sammy Run
WHY JAPS DON'T TAKE PRISONERS, by Hallett Abend

SPRING THIS BET ON THE GANG



Bet your friends and win your bet:

Raleighs are more golden!

THE THREE IN THE HUDDLE were told to take Raleighs and two other popular-priced brands... conceal the labels... and show just the open ends of the packs. The man with the grin bet he could pick the Raleighs by color alone. From the looks of it, they'll be treating him to dinner!

THE SECRET IS SIMPLE: The tobacco in Raleighs is more golden in color. You can see it at a glance. That golden color also indicates *quality*. Golden leaves bring the top prices at the great tobacco sales. Try a pack of Raleighs today—they're finer quality and finer tasting—and that coupon on the back of the pack is good for luxury premiums!

Golden color is the expert way to pick a milder, tastier smoke



PLAIN OR CORK TIPS • UNION MADE

SAVE THE COUPON ON THE PACK. B & W coupons (also packed with KOOL Cigarettes) are good in U. S. for many luxury premiums. Write for new catalog today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.



BILFOLD and KEY-CASE of genuine pigskin. Zipper bill compartment, card and coin pockets, 6-clip key-case, has return tag, license pocket.



SILVERWARE. Oneida Community Par Plate. Clarion design. Twenty-six pieces (service for 6), tarnish-proof walnut-finish chest.



GLASSWARE with platinum bands, lower half frosted. Glasses in four popular sizes: Highball, iced tea, old fashioned and cocktail.



COOK BOOK. "New American." 1024 pages. Many illustrations. Recipes, menus, table settings. Thumb index. Durable cover.



BRIDGE TABLE. The deluxe model with top made of genuine inlaid woods. Patented automatic steel leg locks. Strong and steady.

TUNE IN Red Skelton and Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra every Tuesday night... over the coast-to-coast NBC Red Network.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

LISTERINE *Quick!*



This prompt and easy precaution, frequently repeated, may head off the trouble entirely or lessen the severity of the infection if it does develop.

If you don't think so we ask you to study Listerine's impressive test record in cold control. Carefully conducted clinical tests during the past 10 years showed these amazing results:

Fewer Colds—Milder Ones

That regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration, than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds in many cases.

You naturally want to know why this is so.

We believe that it is because Listerine reaches way back on the throat to kill literally millions of the threatening bacteria known to doctors as the "secondary invaders" which may set up infection when body resistance is lowered for any reason. In the opinion of many leading medical men these "secondary invaders" are the ones that so often complicate a cold... make it troublesome... result in distressing symptoms you know all too well.

Kills Germs By Millions

Actual tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle... up to 80% an hour after. (See panel at left.)

In view of this compelling evidence isn't it wise to keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office... to pack it when you travel... to gargle with it often and thoroughly at the first hint of trouble?

If your cold doesn't show signs of improvement, begins developing in earnest—don't be foolhardy and carry bravely on. The wise thing to do is to go to bed, keep warm, eat lightly and call your doctor.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



BEFORE



AFTER

MOTHERS! You should have a LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT

at all drug counters—**only 75¢**
BATTERIES INCLUDED



GENUINE DU PONT "LUCITE"
ILLUMINATOR

Vox Pop

THE FIRST WORD— FROM OUR READERS

"THE WICKEDEST CITY IN THE WORLD"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I do not think of myself in the role of the praiser. If I can find fault, I go out of my way to find it.

It is, therefore, with much diffidence that I write in praise of Part Two of *In Darkest Harlem*, by Helen Worden and Edward Doherty (January 10 Liberty). It is not overdramatized; its sociology is accurate; its point of view is humane. In my opinion, it is one of the best jobs that I have seen done in Liberty for a year.—*George E. Sokolsky.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In the second of the two articles entitled *In Darkest Harlem* continued use of quotation marks makes it appear that the final paragraph, which ends "And then New York . . . will become 'the wickedest city in the world,'" is my utterance instead of that of the authors. Since the idea expressed in this paragraph is something that I entirely repudiate, I should be grateful if you would make it plain that it is not to be attributed to me.

Whatever sense the authors may have attached to their expression "the wickedest city in the world," the words as they stand are false, misleading in themselves, and harmful as encouraging a mental attitude that will contribute nothing to the improvement of local conditions in Harlem.—*Rev. John LaFarge, S. J.*

If Miss Worden and Mr. Doherty misquoted Father LaFarge, Liberty regrets it. The object of this series was to help Harlem and the colored race.—*Vox Pop Ed.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Liberty has done a great service to the Negro race by publishing the articles *In Darkest Harlem* in your issues of January 3 and 10. I can vouch for the truth of these articles, which, if anything, err on the side of understatement.

It has been my privilege to minister to the Negroes in the West Indies and also to visit their churches occasionally in Harlem, and, taken by and large, under similar conditions, they are as fine a people as one could wish to meet.

Despite the marvelous advancement made by the Negro race, and despite our democratic Constitution, barriers of every kind are set against them at every turn.

I have visited and note with dismay the terrible tenements in which many of them are housed in Harlem. For years I have kept in touch with some of their best people, but have been unable to achieve much in enlisting support for alleviation of their plight.

I am so happy that Liberty has had the courage to call attention to the terrible conditions suffered by these people, who are, on the whole, a good and kindly race, anxious to be good and useful citizens of a free country. Now that we are wholly in the war for the preservation of freedom, surely we can do something to erase this blot in the pages of our own history.

If, as the result of your articles, something is done, it will indeed be another feather in Liberty's cap.—(Rev.) A. T. B. Haines.

SLIGHT FIELD DAY FOR LIBERTY'S LOYAL FAULTFINDERS

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—To the Ladies for January 17 Liberty says: "It's been 450 years since the numerals 1, 9, 4, and 2 headed our calendar. Last time was 1492."

What became of 1924?—*Louise Mae Chambers.*

HILLSBORO, OHIO—In Clements Ripley's serial *Mississippi Belle* the statement has been made twice that Andrew Jackson's troops defeated "veterans of Waterloo" at New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1815.

Seeing that the Battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th of June, 1815, five months and ten days after the Battle
(Continued on page 6)



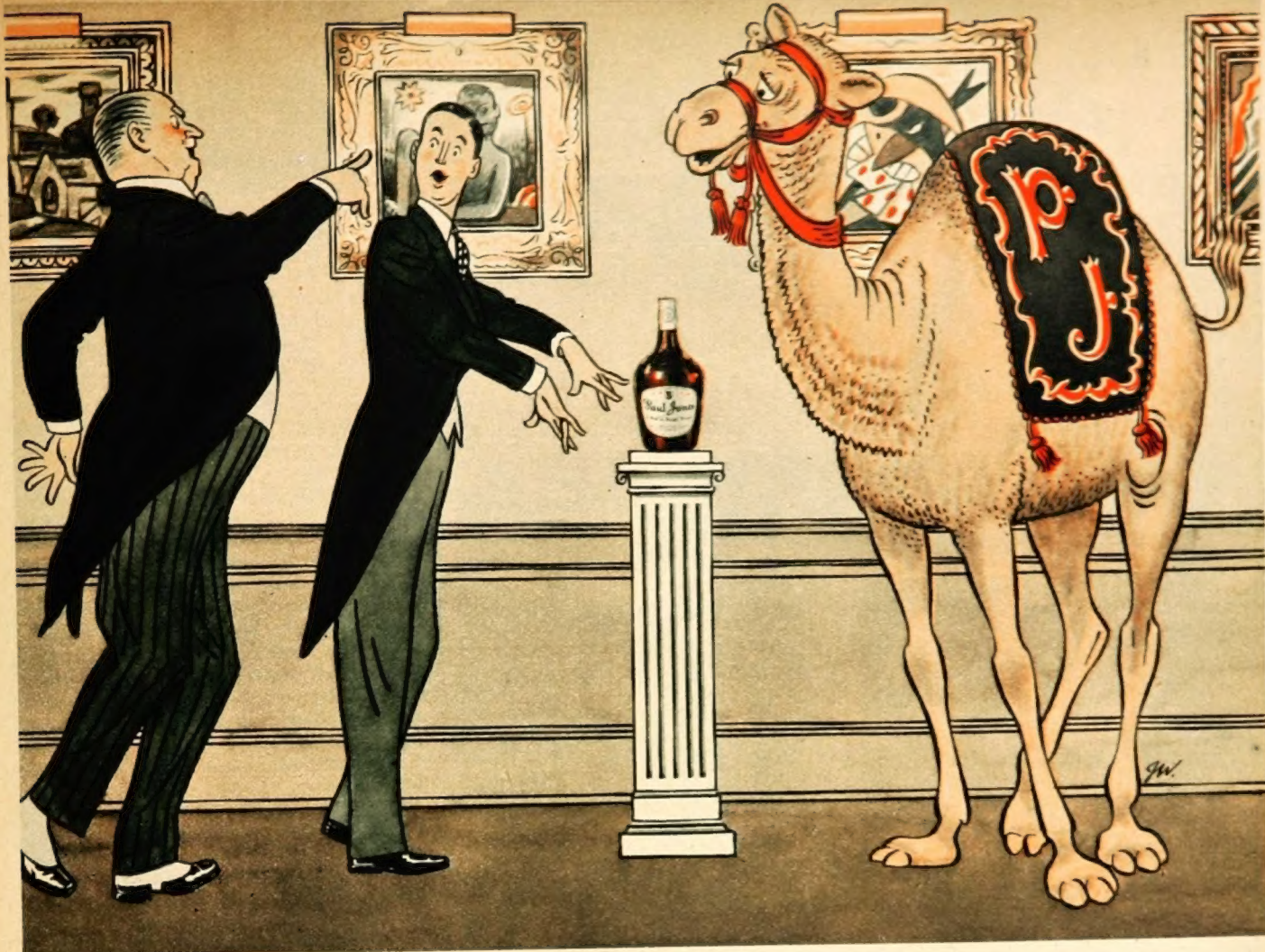
"Darling, are you sure you bought it in the toy department?"

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“Clark, you’re fired!”

DIRECTOR: Camels, hah, Clark? Bottles, hah? Clark, you’re fired! And—

CAMEL: Pardon, O Chief Among Directors. The fault is not Clark’s but my own. I—

DIRECTOR: *Yours!* Well see here, you animated book-end, this is a museum, not a menagerie. Out of here, you one-way reservoir. Outside, camel!

CAMEL: But Sir! I’ve brought you a masterpiece! A whiskey worthy of display *anywhere!* A most magnificent Work of Art!

DIRECTOR: *Art? Art,* you Mohammedan Mule? What do you know about Art?

CAMEL: Your Pardon, O Most Gracious Among Men. Of other works of Art, I know nothing. But of this magnificent Paul Jones whiskey... ah, Sahib, the composition!

The colour! The blending! And that quality in whiskey of which I am the living symbol—the superlative *dryness!* The—

DIRECTOR: Dryness, camel? Did you say *dryness?* A dry whiskey?

CAMEL: Most assuredly, O Wearer of Spats. It is the *dryness* of this jewel among fine whiskeys which permits its *full* flavor to come through! To reach your palate clear and undistorted. And, Master, it is this peerless flavor of Paul Jones, coupled with its most modest price, which has made men come to know it as a truly *great* buy! A—

DIRECTOR: Enough, camel! Clark, come back here. You’re hired again. And put this *dry* Paul Jones on a pedestal in the new North Wing where people can see it!

The very best buy is the whiskey that’s dry

Paul Jones

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF. FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC.,
LOUISVILLE & BALTIMORE



WONDERS OF AMERICA

Drama in Steel!



TODAY OUR KNIGHTS HAVE BETTER ARMOR THAN EVER, CHUBBINS, AND THIS IS WHERE IT BEGINS

THAT'S MOLTEN IRON, READY FOR REFINING INTO STEEL



THAT HEAT OF STEEL IS AROUND 8,000 DEGREES

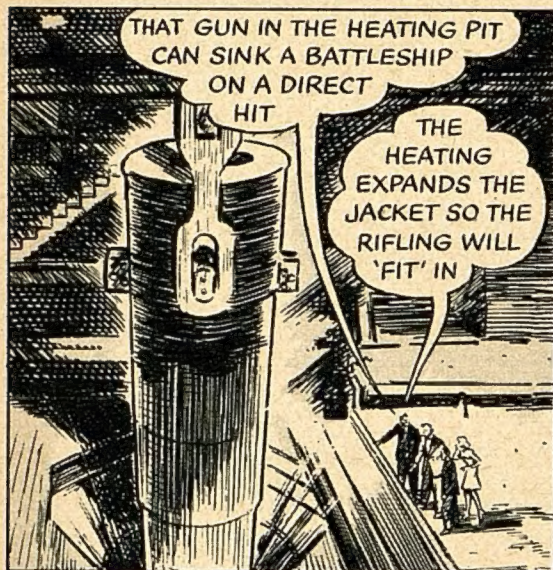
I'LL BET YOU THOUGHT THAT WAS THE TEMPERATURE OF YOUR PIPE BEFORE YOU TOOK UP WITH P.A.

RIGHT, JUDGE, BUT COOLER—BURNING PRINCE ALBERT FIXED THAT!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

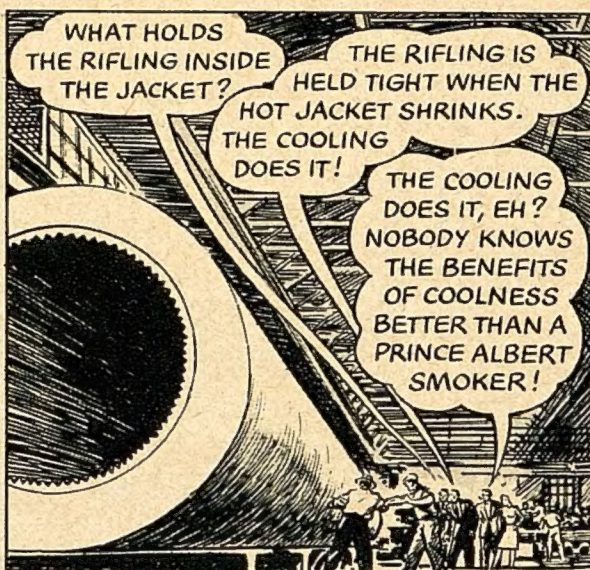
86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!



THAT GUN IN THE HEATING PIT CAN SINK A BATTLESHIP ON A DIRECT HIT

THE HEATING EXPANDS THE JACKET SO THE RIFLING WILL 'FIT' IN



WHAT HOLDS THE RIFLING INSIDE THE JACKET?

THE RIFLING IS HELD TIGHT WHEN THE HOT JACKET SHRINKS. THE COOLING DOES IT!

THE COOLING DOES IT, EH? NOBODY KNOWS THE BENEFITS OF COOLNESS BETTER THAN A PRINCE ALBERT SMOKER!



YOU BET WE GO FOR PRINCE ALBERT—THE MILD, EASY-ON-THE-TONGUE BRAND. P.A. TOBACCO TASTES RICHER WITHOUT ANY HARSHNESS—AND P.A.'S CRIMP CUT PACKS AND DRAWS BETTER

YOU CAN AFFORD ALL YOU WANT OF ECONOMICAL PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S THE BRAND OF NO WASTE IN 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO—NO SPILLING OR BUNCHING—FAST, EASY-ROLLIN', GOOD-TASTIN' SMOKES!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



VOX POP—Continued from Page 4

of New Orleans, will you please ask Mr. Ripley to reconcile this statement?—F. J. Malzard.

ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, N. J.—In Why the Stars Laugh (January 10 Liberty) Clark Gable did not finish the parrot story. When the man asks his girl friend if she liked the bird, and she tells him she cooked it, he says:

"Why, that parrot cost a hundred dollars and spoke seven languages!"

G. F.: "Then why the deuce didn't it say so?"—E. LeCompte.

THIS EVENT DID INDEED CAST A LONG SHADOW BEFORE

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.—In your many featured articles written during the past ten years by prominent people and officials of the United States and Japan, on relations between the two nations, you have performed a most constructive service. Liberty has been the target of much ill considered criticism, on the ground that repeated warnings of possible trouble with Japan might encourage misunderstandings. But the sudden and tragic attack by Japan has thoroughly verified your suspicions of that nation's policy.

I believe every newspaper editor, senator, representative, and Cabinet member would welcome a reprint of Mr. Fulton Oursler's recent radio talk on the subject.—Ralph R. Buvinger.

DR. HOOVER STATES HIS CASE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—My attention has been called to an article on the COI (The Most Mysterious Office in Washington, January 3 Liberty), in which reference is made to me as follows:

"Dr. Calvin B. Hoover, Duke University economist and formerly Consumers' Counsel for the AAA, is one of those at whom suspicious glances are sometimes directed because of his unorthodox economics and somewhat pacifist views on record."

I do not in the least mind being called an unorthodox economist. I am very much annoyed, however, at your reference to pacifism. I enlisted during the last war in May, 1917, in an infantry regiment which later became the 123d Field Artillery. I spent a year overseas and participated with my regiment in the battles of Saint Mihiel and the Argonne. I have publicly taken the position since this war began that it would be necessary for the United States to become an active participant in the war, because we were certain to be attacked sooner or later.—Calvin B. Hoover.

OH, PROBABLY THE LATTER

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—There are plenty of young girls and fellows who enjoy Girl Meets Girl and Man to Man; at least, I do! Perhaps Mrs. H. Berkeley (January 10 Vox Pop) has reached the point of not caring for good suggestions, or maybe she is so clever she doesn't need them.—Mrs. V. Reese.

BLITZKRIEG FOR MR. NATHAN

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—George Jean Nathan's references to Grand Rapids furniture in *Hellzabusiness* (January 3 Liberty) are so misleading and damaging that we have no alternative but to communicate with you.

Perhaps nowhere in the United States is more effort sacrificially placed on quality in the furniture field than in this city of outstanding designers and earnest craftsmen. For more than seventy-five years Grand Rapids has been internationally famed as the principal source of quality furniture and style supremacy. The nation's finest stores select Grand Rapids creations to meet their most exacting needs. Editors of all the authoritative home-furnishings magazines feature Grand Rapids furniture in their finest interiors.

The number of manufacturers in Grand Rapids who make so-called "cheap" furniture is very small and we know of none who make "the doggonedest Grand Rapids stuff ever seen outside a tank-town hotel."

We cannot understand the reasons for Mr. Nathan's derogatory statements. We hope that such were caused by ignorance.—*Stephen F. Dunn, Counsel, Furniture Manufacturers Association of Grand Rapids.*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—What prompts Mr. Nathan to deliberately malign the arts and efforts of one culture to serve another is hard to determine, unless he wants to impress his readers with the doubtful assurance that he knows as much about furniture as he does about the theater.

I remember in a play in the '90s a line, to wit: "It's a harsh word I might use, but I shall say only, 'You are mistaken, sir.'"

It might interest Mr. Nathan to know that Grand Rapids has not in its more than a hundred years of furniture making produced a bed, a chair, a table, or even a stick of furniture for a tank-town hotel unless that hotel desired to avail itself of and pay for the kind of furniture that this city has won world renown for making.—*A. P. Johnson, Co-author, Manual of the Furniture Arts and Crafts.*

THIS WE EXPECTED!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—How good does the West have to be to get men on your All-Players All-America football teams (January 10 Liberty)? I see the West has about four players in all, and they're on second and third teams.

Now that Oregon has spanked Duke in the Rose Bowl game, you may like us out here.—*H. T. Simpson.*

HASTINGS, NEB.—Disappointment plus! No Jack Crain, the "Texas Torpedo," on Liberty's All-Players All-America teams? His absence simply proves that better All-America teams are yet to be selected. I am sure that there are many fans who would like to know who perpetrated this crime. Will you please enlighten me why he was so mistreated?—*Arthur W. Peters.*

"GOT A COLD?" THEN IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO SPUDS



ENJOY THEIR COOLING SMOOTHNESS AND GIVE YOUR THROAT A REST!

New, improved Spud Imperials are made for a purpose—designed to safeguard your throat from irritation caused by ordinary cigarettes.

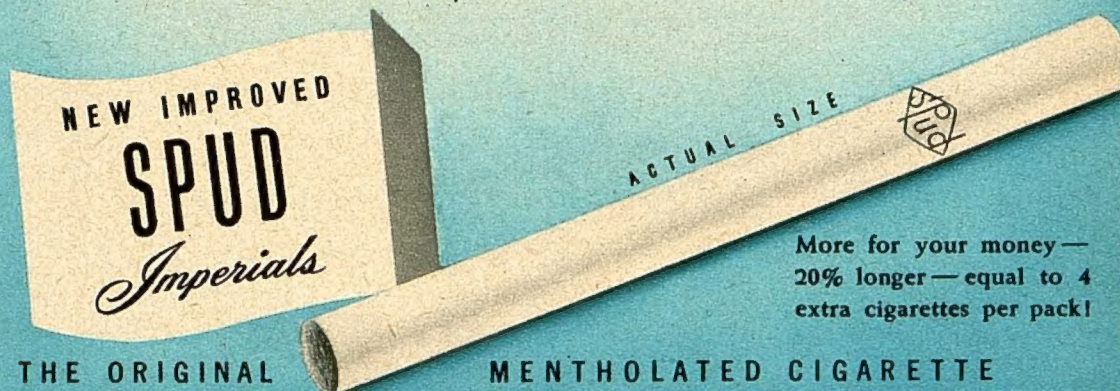
SPUDS ARE SUPERIOR IN 3 WAYS:

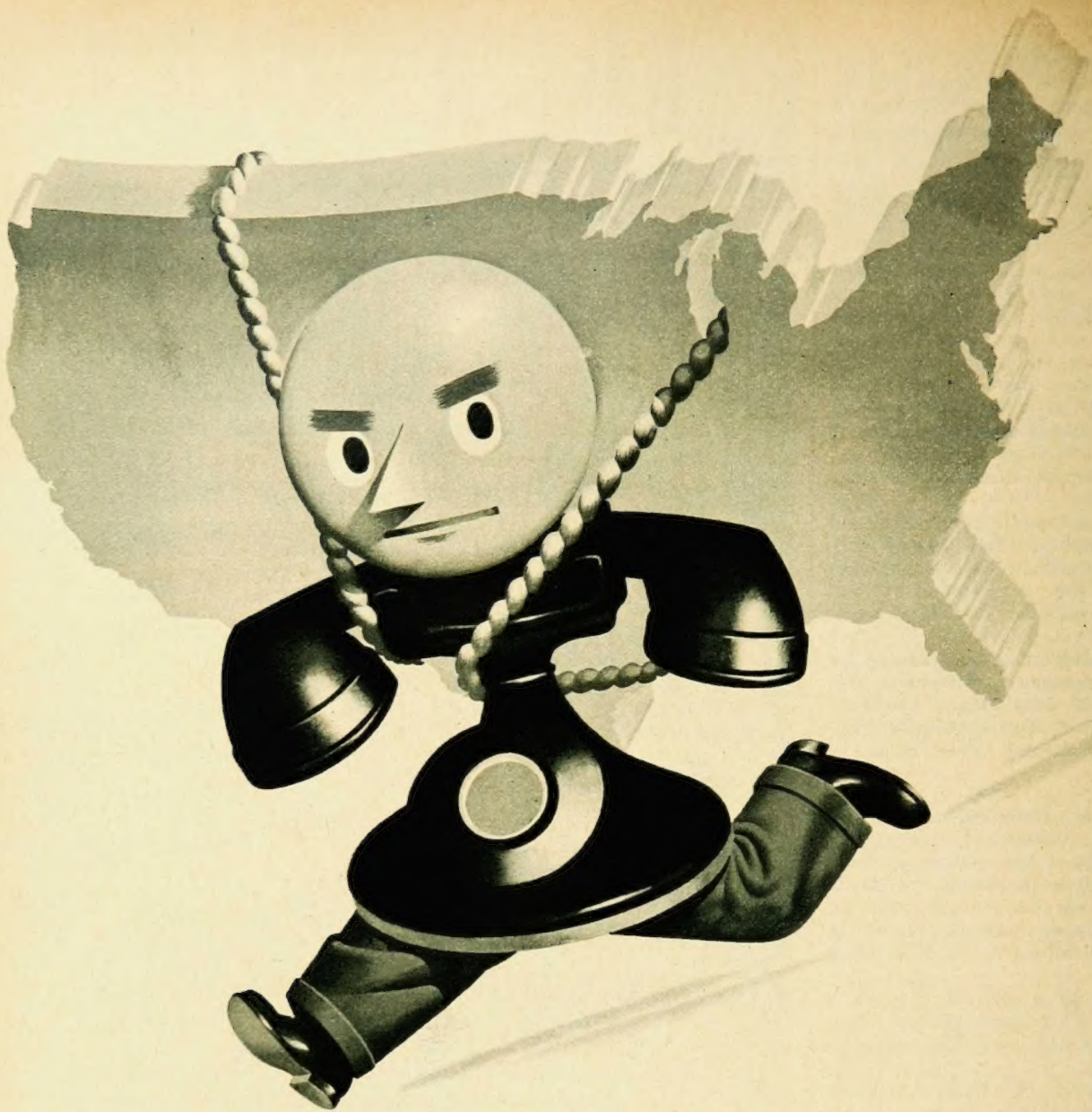
GREATER SAFETY—The special moisture-retaining agent used in Spud Imperials does not produce acrolein—a throat irritant found in the smoke of nearly all cigarettes. In addition, Spuds are made 20% longer to give you a cooler, better-filtered smoke.

MILDER MENTHOL—An exclusive, patented process distributes menthol more mildly and evenly throughout Spuds. No menthol overdosing!

BETTER QUALITY—Spud Imperials are made of an extremely mild blend of the finest vintage tobaccos—aged to perfect mellowness. No coupons—just high quality tobaccos!

Try the new, improved Spud Imperials. Smoke them as long as you like—and by all means change to Spuds when your throat is irritated. It's safer—and you'll get real smoking pleasure. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc. "House of Tradition."





When the Nation hurries, it turns to the telephone

THE country is making over 85,000,000 calls a day right now — local and Long Distance — and that keeps us stepping.

We've added hundreds of thousands of miles in wire and cable and tens of thousands of people to the Bell System. We are doing everything else possible to keep things going smoothly.

But, if once in a while your calls don't

go through as promptly as they did in peace times, please remember that business is not as usual with us. The telephone is tied tight into the war.

P.S. This is a good time to make just a little more certain to give the correct number and to answer promptly. The best time to make Long Distance calls is in the off-peak periods—before 10 in the morning, between noon and 2 P.M. or after 8 in the evening.

Now—more than ever before—LONG DISTANCE helps unite the Nation



LIBERTY.

WHY NOT USE THESE ABLE MEN?



Alfred M. Landon



Joseph P. Kennedy



Wendell L. Willkie



Herbert Hoover



Alfred E. Smith

U. & U. PHOTOS

★ TO win this war, we need all the brains that America can supply. Not only New Deal brains but *all* constructive minds. No party in this country has a monopoly on ability. The administration has been telling us that politics must be adjourned. When do we start?

It is true that there are two Republicans in the Cabinet. But neither Mr. Stimson nor Mr. Knox can be considered present-day Republican leaders.

If we are to have war effort without politics, is it not fair to ask why the outstanding Republicans are unemployed? And what about the outstanding Democrats who have disagreed with the administration? Illustrious names at once leap to the mind! Names of able men—of men who have been conspicuously successful as executives, managing large affairs, names of good Americans.

Mr. Willkie has rendered patriotic service to his country, but he has done so, at least up to the time this issue of Liberty goes to press, without appointment.

It is true there is talk of appointing Willkie and even Charles Evans Hughes to be umpires in labor disputes. That is not the kind of job we are talking about.

Could not the experience and demonstrated organizing capacity of former President Herbert Hoover be useful to his country in this desperate time? Not his worst enemy would deny Mr. Hoover's abilities. Nor would they question his patriotism. Why leave out Mr. Hoover?

Is there no work for former Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas? No one denies Mr. Landon's executive talents, or his knowledge of public affairs. Seventeen million people wanted him to be President of the United States. Is there no work in this war for Mr. Landon to do?

And why not use Joseph P. Kennedy, once Ambassador to Great Britain? And Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of President Wilson's War Industries Board? What about Al Smith? Can any one forget how through four terms as governor he ran the business of the State of New York with efficiency and wisdom? Is there no work in this war that Al Smith can do? The list could be extended to fill this page.

We talk of unity. Would anything do more to unify us beyond all politics than to give these men an opportunity to serve? Mr. Kennedy lived through two hundred and forty-two air raids in England. Yet no one has asked the former ambassador for advice or counsel on civilian defense.

Mr. Baruch handled one of the outstanding jobs of the last war. His task was done with brilliance and effectiveness. He kept files of data that his experience told him would be invaluable should war come again. Apparently no one wants to look at them.

In the sane, sensible spirit of inviting all shades of opinion into one concentrated effort, the British formed a coalition Cabinet. Attlee, labor leader, became Deputy Premier, his rank second only to that of Mr. Churchill. Bevin, another labor leader, was made Minister of Labor and National Service. That was the course of statesmanship.

Now is no time to hold old grudges. Now is no time for discrimination. Now is a time to use all our resources for victory. Among our most potent resources are the brains of able Americans who happen either to belong to the Republican Party or to have been Democrats but not New Dealers. These resources, these brains, these great and patriotic Americans should be allowed to help win the war!

FEBRUARY 14, 1942 . . . LIBERTY . . . VOLUME 19, NUMBER 7

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF

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The corpses of a few of the Chinese captives used as live dummies in bayonet practice by Jap recruits or in sword tests by playful Jap officers.



WHY JAPS *DON'T TAKE PRISONERS*

Here, from one of them, is a tragic confession of the brutality, greed, and lust that rule them

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

BY HALLETT ABEND

★ PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT told Congress on December 8 that not for a thousand years would mankind forget the treachery of the Japanese attack upon Pearl Harbor. It will be important, of course, to remember that treachery, so that never again can Japan or any group of Japanese commit the like of it. But even more important will be the framing of such a peace treaty, when Japan is finally defeated, as will make it impossible for her to resume her policy of conquest for another thousand years.

Japan has been blood-drunk for more than a decade—ever since the Japanese invaded Manchuria in September, 1931. Without a pause, they have been killing and burning and raping in China. In four and a half years of warfare there, they have taken almost no prisoners. No one knows of the existence of a single concentration or internment camp in all of Japanese-occupied China. Chinese prisoners of war are shot, excepting captured officers or flyers from whom information may be extorted by tor-

ture, after which they are shot in the back of the head. The like is done to Chinese wounded left on battlefields.

The American people must disabuse themselves of the idea that we are fighting only the wicked Japanese war lords, not the Japanese people.

Much has been written and told about Japanese atrocities in China. Much that occurs is too terrible to be told or written. But the peoples of East Asia know. They have an almost miraculous way of spreading news by word of mouth. Americans out there call it the "bamboo telegraph."

In Manila last October, Admiral Thomas C. Hart, commander of our Asiatic Fleet, was discussing with me the almost universal aversion to the Japanese felt by the other peoples of East Asia. We were sitting in his suite at the Manila Hotel. His hotel rooms, like his office rooms two blocks away, faced Manila Bay, and he always sat facing the water, so that, as he explained, he could see any signal that

might be flashed from any of his ships in the bay.

There was no lack of being "on the alert" at Manila, as there was two months later in Hawaii.

"It is a tragic and touching thing," he said to me that hot October afternoon, "the way the people native to these lovely islands share the hatred, fear, and horror of the Japanese with the other peoples of East Asia. This feeling is practically universal amongst the Filipinos, except for a handful of disaffected dwellers along the northern coast of Luzon. Their good will has been won by the Japanese naval agents, posing as fishermen, who poach in Philippine waters. They give fish and money and smuggled goods to some Filipinos in the northern villages, hoping, I suppose, to use them as fifth columnists when they try to invade the islands."

He told me how, a fortnight before our talk, he had taken a portion of his fleet and some marines northward

along the west coast of Luzon to practice surprise landings.

"Knowing how the Filipinos live in mortal terror of a Japanese invasion," he said, "I steamed all my ships up to within sight of the little town during the middle of the afternoon. Then, with my staff, I went ashore to call upon the mayor and other dignitaries.

"I told them that at dawn the next morning our fleet would try out the tactics of a surprise landing on the shore near the town. I warned them that there would be airplanes roaring overhead, that the ships would fire noisy broadsides of harmless blanks, and that the landing party would use guns loaded with blanks. They thanked me profusely. They placarded the town, and policemen went from shop to shop and from house to house with the reassuring information. Runners were sent into the countryside with it."

The admiral paused and his face set in a bitter expression. "It was a damn shame!" he continued. "It was pathetic. When our planes came over before daybreak next morning, the townspeople panicked. They fled to the hills, and in the country people dived into the jungle. When our landing parties got ashore they found a deserted town. The only living things were the dogs and the cats, and a few people too old or ill to be moved. The terror of those left behind was sickening.

"And that," he concluded, "shows what these people think of Japan and her New Order."

★ TO help free the people of East Asia from this dread, such a peace must be made as will force Japan to behave herself for the next thousand years, even though we are fighting this war primarily for our own present and future protection.

It was the rape of Nanking by Japanese troops in December, 1937, that first caused Japan to be thus hated and feared by the peoples whose cause against the white man she has pretended to be championing. The famous bamboo telegraph carried far and wide, and in many tongues, the details of that horror. It is not my purpose to try to print the unprintable ones here; but I can give here the personal version brought to me in Shanghai by the loyal Japanese subject who at that time was Japan's consul general there. He was Y. Miura, that same Miura who has been Japan's ambassador to Mexico, and who failed in his effort to leave that country and return to his homeland only a week before the attack upon Pearl Harbor.

It was nearly midnight on the fifth or sixth day after the Japanese capture of Nanking, and I, wearied and sleepy, was ready for bed, when the telephone rang. "I've just come back from Nanking," said Miura's voice, "and I must see you. Shall I come to you or will you come to me?"

I told him I'd hurry over to see him. I found him pacing up and down his large sitting room. His face was worn and lined as I'd never seen it before. On the table in the center of the room were two bottles of whisky, six bottles of soda, a silver pitcher of water,

and a silver tub filled with ice cubes. But there were only two glasses.

"Have a drink, a big one—do," he said. "I need one—several—and so will you."

He was not intoxicated; he was distressed. His face seemed distorted by some inner tension. He made me comfortable in a big chair, and then began to pace up and down again and talk. He paced and talked for nearly two hours, pausing only now and then to refill his glass.

"I have to talk to some one, and I dare not talk to any of my own countrymen, so I asked to see you," he began. "I have just flown down from Nanking—I simply could not bear to stay there another night through. Please tell me, if you can with propriety, what you have cabled about conditions at Nanking, what your correspondent there has reported to you."

"Well," I said, "there is the seemingly authentic story about nearly four hundred Chinese civilians, men and women, with their wrists roped together, being herded down to the foreshore by the river. The report says machine guns were set up and the whole hapless crowd was shot down."

I expected a violent protest, a denial. But no. "It's all true, but that isn't the half of it," he said with agitation. "What else, please? What else?"

So I told him all I had learned. About Japanese soldiers chucking wounded Chinese into the ruins of bomb-blasted buildings and then torching the ruins. About Japanese trucks and tanks crushing their way over mounds of Chinese dead and dying. I told of the looting, of the raping of women and girls of all ages, of drunken Japanese soldiers bayoneting and disemboweling any hapless Chinese whom they met on the streets. I told of the unauthenticated report that the Japanese generals had "rewarded" their soldiers by giving them three days' leave to do as they pleased in the shattered, captured city.

"All true, too true! But that's not half of it," he would mutter whenever I paused. "Now what else, please?"

When my recollection was drained dry of horrors, he began his own story. He had gone to Nanking expecting to stay a week. "But I couldn't bear it another hour!" he exclaimed. "Our soldiers thought they were celebrating a victory that would mark the end of the war. Instead, they have made peace impossible. Never again can there be real peace between the Chinese people and ourselves.

"Last night at our consulate I could hear what was going on, even with double windows closed. There were shots all over the city all the time. And fires. But the worst was those civilian refugee camps. There are two near our consulate, one with about six thousand Chinese civilians, another with about eight thousand.

"Our soldiers would go to the camps in great numbers and call out that one hundred, maybe two hundred, women and girls must come to them or they would machine-gun the whole place. They actually did machine-gun one camp. After that the Chinese women,

with faces like stone and with compressed lips, walked out to our soldiers and were dragged away into the darkness. . . ."

That is the kind of thing that must not happen again for a thousand years. It was not exceptional. The same sort of thing has been happening and happening in China since the summer of 1937. We in this country do not hear much about it any more. But the peoples of East Asia do—by bamboo telegraph. That is why the civilian Filipinos so hate and fear the Japanese, and why the Filipino soldiers have stood up so splendidly in the face of Japanese attempts at invasion.

It is not only their aggressive brutality, their greed, their lust, and their blood lust, which makes the Japanese unfit to fill their self-appointed role as the leaders of East Asia. Success and authority go to their heads. They do not know how to treat subject peoples decently. My last Sunday in Shanghai, I was crossing Szechuen Road bridge into Japanese-controlled Hongkew. Just as my chauffeur slowed down to show his pass to the Japanese sentry, an elderly Chinese, afoot, was waved on past. Six feet along he cleared his throat and spat—a habit prevalent among lower-class Chinese.

In a flash the sentry felled him with a blow on the head with the butt of his rifle, and prodded him in the shoulder with the bayonet. Then, revoltingly, he made the kneeling Chinese lick the spittle from the paving.

If they could invade this country, that's the way the Japanese would treat us.

THE END

INT. NEWS PHOTOS

This Chinese lad just had relatives suspected of hiding a sniper.



LOVELIER

THAN EVER

The lady, it seems, was busy living a gorgeous lie . . . But sometimes a man can be too much in love to know

BY BUDD WILSON SCHULBERG

AUTHOR OF WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

☆ JOSH measured the room off in long strides, dictating the final scene of his screen play to his secretary. That was the way he always worked, from nine until six, with an hour out for lunch and a game of anagrams in the commissary. He had been a Broadway playwright for ten years before coming to Hollywood eight or nine years ago. If you looked up Josh Hancock in the Screen Yearbook, you'd find thirty-five or forty screen credits after his name. Including a couple that people remembered as long as two or three years afterward.

He walked rapidly, and his words were like his steps, rapid, definite, nervously paced.

The plump middle-aged secretary who sat on his couch with her pad on her lap and her pencil poised for the next word prided herself on being the only girl in the department fast enough to take his dictation. And he hated to repeat. The girls in the stenographic had him tabbed as a considerate and dignified boss and said he would no more think of making a pass at you than if he were your own husband. But his mind was athletic and high-strung, and if you asked him to go back for a word or phrase he was apt to turn on you with a pipe tightly clenched between his teeth

. . . like a butterfly that spends four-fifths of its life in a drab cocoon preparing for its brief moment of beauty.

and say, "For heaven's sake, Miss Andrews. If you don't remember what I said, how in Zanuck's name do you expect me to?"

But today, Miss Andrews observed as soon as she entered his office, Mr. Hancock wasn't himself. His pacing had changed from its usual energetic rhythm to a sluggish shuffle that reminded her of the caged animals in the zoo. And for the third time that afternoon he seemed to lose his place.

"Read the last line back to me."

"As Tom throws the door open,



runs to her bedside and says," she read.

"'And says,'" he repeated, blowing more smoke into a room that was beginning to look like a suburb of Pittsburgh, "'And says—' Oh, nuts! I'll tell you what you do. Start typing the stuff I gave you this morning. Meanwhile I'll be thinking about the end."

But his mind was like a disobedient boy who refused to do as he was told. It did not want to worry about how to get Jean into Tom's arms for the clinch that eighty million movie fans demanded at the fade-out. It was preoccupied with a decision that Josh Hancock had to make before five o'clock that afternoon. Josh went over to the desk, picked up the official-looking document that offered him a chance to become a motion-picture producer at a salary of two thousand dollars a week. He picked it up as if it were as much of a weight in his hand as it was on his mind. He stood there, listening to the voices fighting it out in his head: "Take it.

ILLUSTRATOR TRAN MARICKE



Don't be a chump. You'll never be a great playwright anyway. That ambition's just a stone wall to beat your head against."

"Turn it down. Remember what the critics said? 'Here is the boy with the ear, the eye, and the heart to write the great American play.' What if that was almost twenty years ago? The ear and the eye and the heart are still good. Give them a chance. Chuck the big money. Go back to the theater and roll up your sleeves."

★ THE mental tug of war went on. Josh stared out the window, he stared at the contract, and he stared at the picture of Diana Williams framed on his desk.

A year ago it wouldn't have been so difficult to make up his mind. Because a year ago his mind had been free of Diana Williams. But now she was part of his living and thinking, the woman who would affect and be affected by the decision he was about to make.

He studied the picture, as fascinated by the timeless loveliness of her face as he was the first moment he caught sight of her making an entrance to a party not quite a year ago. It was a timeless beauty because, as Josh remembered thinking at the time, there was no age group into which it seemed to fall. It had neither the dewy freshness of twenty nor the settling handsomeness of thirty nor the decadent attraction of forty. It was a face that always reminded Josh of a hothouse orchid, a marvel of aesthetic perfection, almost too perfectly formed, too perfectly colored, too perfectly preserved to seem wholly alive.

No one knew how old she was, but it must have been fifteen years since her last close-up had its last devastating effect on the male population of the country. And yet there was not a wrinkle, nor a bulge, nor a hard line, nor a middle-aged sag of chin or cheek, not a single one of the erosive marks that fifteen years will leave on a woman's face. If anything, she looked lovelier than ever.

In Hollywood, long accustomed to having its hothouse flowers bloom and wilt and wither away, Diana's magical agelessness had made her a celebrity's celebrity. The movie columnists and the gossip gals were no longer concerned with the after-dark activities of Clara Bow or the scoop on what Esther Ralston would wear at the opening. But Stella Statler could not bear to let a week pass without some reference to "Diana Williams, dining in Romanoff's, looking just like a co-ed who just dropped in after classes at U. C. L. A. Honestly, gals, if I had her secret, I would never have to become a working gal. Diana looked lovelier than ever. . . ."

Josh was still staring at the picture, still wondering what it was about Diana that jolted him from the confirmed bachelorhood to which he had become accustomed and resigned. He knew it wasn't that damn perennial beauty that everybody was always gushing about. Oh, he wasn't too old to gape at her the first time he saw

her entering a room. But he *was* too old to mistake infatuation for the very special kind of long-winded love that marriage demands. No, it had been infatuation for two or three minutes, the two or three minutes before they were introduced. Fifteen minutes later (Josh had the writer's irritating but useful habit of indexing all his emotions for further reference) a chance acquaintanceship was ripening into friendship, and by the end of the evening . . . Josh remembered it well, a big, sprawling, noisy, overpopulated party given by his producer to celebrate the triumphant opening of a picture Josh had written, the kind of party that made Josh wish he were back in the Maine woods, working on his plays before his Hollywood days.

Diana had come in, hushing the room for a moment, poising on the steps and looking over the party in a gesture of composure that had great dignity to it when it might have been haughty.

"Congratulations," she said in a cool, quiet, and not too youthful voice. "I love the picture."

★ JOSH had been receiving praise for years. And still blushed and hung his head and twisted one foot around like a schoolboy when he heard it. "Thanks," he stammered. "But I—well, I was only the writer. Jim—it's Jim Lord who really deserves the credit."

"Yes," she said. "I know Jim. I used to work for Jim in the silent days. But that moment when the doctor tells the boy that Shirley is going to live, walks away from him, and the boy looks after him and says, 'Thanks for tryin', doc. But you might as well level with me. You may be a great surgeon but you couldn't play a walk-on in a third-rate stock company.' That—well, that wasn't Jim."

Then she ran through the whole picture and identified all the touches Josh had contributed from those that Jim Lord had added. Josh looked at her in amazement. He had already catalogued her in his mind as: Variety; Hothouse orchid; Type: Hardy perennial; Habitat: Hollywood. But when the shiny red waxlike lips began to move, they produced real words, not the *Isn't Mimsi Taylor's hat the cleverest thing? Don't you just adore Henry Fonda?* that came to the other shiny lips like mechanical sounds of life-size mama dolls.

Josh, turning toward the bar, cautioned her, "Now stay right here. Don't move. You're the first person I ever succeeded in talking with at a party and I don't want to lose you. What are you drinking?"

"Thanks," she said. "I don't drink." "Smoke?"

She shook her head.

"Breathe?"

Her smile revealed two perfect rows of the whitest teeth Josh had ever seen. "All right, Mr. Smarty-pants," she said. "I have my vices."

"Ah-hah!" Josh grinned. "Now the play begins to get interesting. A lady is just a sawdust doll until we know

her defects. What's yours, Miss Williams?"

"Being beautiful," she said.

"That doesn't look like a defect from where I'm standing," he said.

Her smile was pretty but not empty. "From where you're standing it's not supposed to . . . it's from where I'm standing—a woman of forty-three . . ."

He looked up in surprise. Diana Williams, who looked lovelier than ever, whose age nobody was supposed to know.

"Why do you tell me this?"

She studied him thoughtfully, pausing a moment before she answered. "I don't know . . . but I'd feel too silly trying to fool you. Maybe it's because I've watched you. You don't chase like the others. You're not interested in the babies with the upturned noses and the cute figures."

The surprising thing about her, Josh saw, was that in spite of her appearance she talked forty-three, she acted forty-three. Unlike, he observed, so many women who are forty-three.

When Josh returned with his drink, after an exhausting battle of elbows crowded against the bar, Diana had disappeared. Josh was amazed at the panic with which he searched the room. He felt deserted, left alone in a hostile camp. When he found her again, she was in the hallway, about to leave.

"Hello. I thought you had discreetly slipped away—after that confession about my age."

"That's the most fascinating thing about you," he said. "You're the only middle-aged woman in Hollywood who doesn't lie about her age. And the only one I know who could."

"Sometimes I wonder if I don't lie about my age in a more dishonest way," she said.

★ THAT was difficult to understand at first. Later, when they reached the stage where Josh could get her on the phone after a late conference and say, "Darling, throw another chop on for me. I'm coming over," he began to realize what she meant. Diana wasn't telling a little lie with her mouth which the rest of her face contradicted. Her lie began at nine o'clock in the morning when her masseuse arrived. It continued through lunch, which she never ate because she was on a permanent diet. It persisted through the afternoon while her hairdresser touched up her hair and styled it with a sculptor's care, while her beautician packed her face with beauty clay and massaged it with an electric vibrator that teased and tickled new life into the skin tissues. Then the lie paused for its beauty nap, slipped on its evening gown, and flitted out into the evening like a butterfly that spends four fifths of its life in a drab cocoon preparing for its brief moment of beauty in the world.

Diana was living a lie instead of telling one; but Josh had been too much in love with her to notice it until one evening when he dropped in unexpectedly with a manuscript he had just finished. The depth of their

love hadn't been measured by the number of times they had been seen dancing at Ciro's or one of the other night clubs together. What had made Josh first begin to question his bachelorhood was the number of evenings they could spend together, usually at her home, eating together quietly and listening to records, or both curling up with books, breaking the silence not because they felt they had to say something, but only when they had something they felt like saying. It was the first sense of companionship—yes, he would smile at her, why not admit it, *middle-aged* companionship—that he had found in Hollywood. He had learned to depend on her not only for company but for criticism. Like most writers, he was a moody worker, boyishly enthusiastic about his own stuff one day and ready to abandon his profession the next. But Diana seemed to know just how to handle him, when to puncture his conceits and when to blow them up again.

Josh turned away from the memory of that scene and back to the contract again. Then he looked at his watch. It was four o'clock. He had just one hour in which to give the studio his answer. Was it fair to the woman he was about to marry to throw up security and prominence for another pitch in the theater? She had told him to do whatever he wanted most. But somehow that wasn't satisfactory. If it was to be a sacrifice, it had to be one that both were willing to make. He looked at his watch again. Just a

"Then I'll do it myself," Josh said, and his long legs left the stairs behind three at a time. He knocked. There was no answer. He pounded.

"Sophie? Is that you?" The voice was a lazy murmur, muffled in sleep. "Five o'clock already?"

"Darling," Josh's voice crackled, "it's me. I've got to speak to you."

"Josh!" The voice was full now, roused with surprise and sharpened with indignation. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"Sorry to wake you, Di. But some-

Joe and his Genie

☆ SO he thought nothing of dropping by at midnight as if it were five in the afternoon.

"Darling," he said, "I've just finished the last scene. I can't wait for you to hear it."

He began to read, speaking the lines as if people were really saying them, too absorbed to notice Diana peeking at her watch and pursing her lips uncomfortably. Until finally she said, a little desperately, "Josh, I think it's wonderful so far, the love scenes absolutely come alive, but I think I'd better finish it in the morning."

"Swell, swell, just half an hour more," Josh said in that distracted way he had when he was working.

Diana rose, drawing her pale blue silk robe around her. "Josh," she said, "I'm awfully sorry. But I should have been in bed half an hour ago."

Josh looked up for the first time. He caught the expression on her face, the lovelier-than-ever look he sometimes kidded her about. "Now, darling," he said, "I don't mind this twelve-to-eight business most of the time, but tonight, once in a while, an extra hour or two . . ."

"I suppose you'll think I'm silly," she said. "Sometimes I'm sorry I started it myself. But—well, any other woman my age could stay up all night, drink what she likes, pick up a few wrinkles, and people won't even notice it. But I—I'm on a spot. You know how they watch me, Josh—waiting for that first telltale line around the eyes—I've made such a point of it . . ."

"A point of it," Josh said. "You mean a job of it. And a full-time job, at that. You haven't got time for an unimportant thing like marriage. You're the Lovelier-than-Ever Girl."

"Marriage," Diana said. "Who said anything about marriage?"

"I did," said Josh. "My heaven, I'm proposing to you. But remember this: I'd marry you if the bags under your eyes reached to your chin—your double chin."

"And they will if you go on keeping me up this way," Diana promised.

"He wants a room and bath for himself and an empty quart bottle for his genie."



BY JOHN HALL

few minutes past four. Still time to talk it out with Diana before he made up his mind. He buzzed for his secretary and asked her to get Miss Williams on the phone.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hancock," she told him a few minutes later. "But Miss Williams' maid says she's resting and cannot be disturbed."

"Oh, let me talk to her," he said impatiently. "Hello, Sophie. This is Mr. Hancock. Be a good girl and wake Miss Williams for me—it's terribly important."

But Sophie could not be budged. "I can't never wake her until five, Mr. Hancock. That's the law. She's fired plenny girls for that."

Ten minutes later Josh drove up to Diana's house. "Tell Miss Williams to come down, Sophie. I've got to see her right away."

"Mr. Hancock, you don't know what you're askin'," Sophie said. "I'd a lot sooner stick my hand into a buzz saw than wake Miss Williams up in the middle of her beauty sleep."

thing just came up at the studio. Something we've got to talk over."

"But, Josh—I can't possibly talk to you now. Come back at five thirty, dear."

"Five thirty will be too late." His voice was beginning to crackle with impatience. "Throw something around you, Di—I'm coming in."

He heard her cries of protest as he threw the door open. What he saw when he entered made him halt in amazement. Stretched out on a great canopy bed was a woman's figure wrapped in a silk lounging robe which he recognized as Diana's. But the face lay hidden behind the most bizarre get-up that he had ever seen. Covering the eyes was a small black mask, the kind that is worn to masked balls, except that this one had no slit for the eyes. The rest of the face was hidden in a white claylike substance that had coagulated over the skin to a slick shiny surface. Her hair was pulled from her head in taut bunches

(Continued on page 46)

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

What would you do if a famous beauty barged into
your quiet life? Remember Ulysses and the sirens?

BY ELSWYTH THANE

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★ ONE morning in the woods in Maine, Elizabeth Dare, beautiful popular specialty singer in the most exclusive night clubs and musical shows in New York and London, meets Rodney Monroe, a good-looking young ornithologist who is a professor at the near-by Biological Station. Promptly she falls in love with him. Over breakfast at her house, where she is spending the summer with Mary, her cook, and Snorky, her Pekingese, Rodney tells her that his greatest ambition is to go to Mexico to study harpy eagles. He has been on other trips, but this time he wants the expedition to be his own—"which means the money has to be mine," he adds, "and that's what's holding me up."

Immediately Elizabeth promises to get it for him from her friend, Andrew Blaine, who manages her affairs for her. Andrew is rich, she says, and she is sure she can persuade him to finance Rodney.

This settled to Elizabeth's, if not to Rodney's, satisfaction, they start for the Biological Station so Rodney can introduce the famous Liz Dare to his friends.

PART TWO—LIZ, YOU'VE GOT IT BAD!

★ THE Biological Station, which stood at the head of a small cove farther down the coast, was originally a rich man's summer camp. The main building had been converted to use by removing a few partitions, which left kitchen, dining room, and lounge on the ground floor, and the instructors' and visitors' bedrooms upstairs. On either side of it a rangy one-story wooden building had been put up, one for the student dormitories and one for the laboratory.

The personnel of any such institution is likely to be pretty various. In this case the fifteen students were all hand-picked and winnowed, each one was there for a specific reason, there

were no floaters. Both boys and girls, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-one, wore the simplest of costumes, consisting of shirts and shorts, sweaters and slacks, or bathing suits. It was a happy, uncontroversial, self-sufficient group, without complexes or inhibitions, living a life which can only be described by that awful word Wholesome.

Excited whispers in the laboratory now.

"Pst! Look what's come!"

"Hey! Rodney's got her in his hand!"

"Goshalmighty, do you see what I see?"

And so on.

The big black Labrador retriever, who would go on behaving like a puppy even though he had got his growth, went caracoling down to meet them, all over smiles and eternally hopeful of a chance to lick Rodney's face.

"Down, Prince—be your age; we've got company."

"Is it your dog?" asked Elizabeth, trying to pat the sleek heaving body which cavorted round them.

"Look out, he licks! No, he belongs to the cook's little boy. Down, you fool. Behave yourself!"

A young man of average height, with a shy smile and honest blue eyes, arrived from the seaward side as they approached the laboratory, and caught Prince by the collar. In his other hand he carried casually by its middle a large and still lively herring.

"That'll do, Prince!" he said severely, bracing himself against the dog's heedless lunges.

"This is Charles MacDonald," said Rodney, "without whom nothing around here would function at all. He doesn't have to be told, either, that you are Miss Dare."

"How do you do?" She smiled and ducked her head in Liz Dare's characteristic informal greeting.

"Good morning," said Charles, quite overcome. "I—guess I've got my hands full." He backed away apologetically, dragging Prince by the collar, and disappeared round the corner of the laboratory with a long backward glance.

"He's nice," remarked Elizabeth as they started on toward the steps.

"He's my right arm," Rodney admitted gravely. "Never says much, but together, we'd take on anything you can name."

"Would he go with you to Mexico?"

"I wouldn't stand a chance of going without him!"

Work frankly stopped as they entered the laboratory.

"Morning, everybody," Rodney said, theatrically casual. "Miss Dare wants to see a laboratory in action. How are we doin' today?"

"All right, I guess," said a dazed voice from somewhere.

"Well, reading from left to right, Miss Dare, may I present Millicent Long, Hubert Evans, otherwise known as Dopey, Jane Elliott, Dr. Ford—botany—Frank Elliott, Jack White, Alice McKay, Dr. Mercer—our professor of marine zoology—Kitty Morton, and—Peggy Jackson."

"How do you do?" said Elizabeth Dare.

"How do you do?" murmured everybody politely.

"The rest of us are out in the launch making the morning haul," Rodney explained. "Well, what have we got to show a guest? Anybody got a slide under a microscope?"

"I've got some rather stale plankton," said the boy known as Dopey.

"And how are all the folks down round about Macon way?" Liz inquired gently in a perfect echo of his own vowels and intonations.

"Fine, thanks! That's the best imitation Macon I ever heard!"

"Accents are my business. What are you doing way up here?"

"Having fun. Last year I was at a

ILLUSTRATOR
EDWIN A. GEORGI



station in Florida. This summer I wanted to work under Dr. Mercer."

"Oh, yes—" said Elizabeth sweetly, with a vague glance round, and Rodney winced where he stood beside her as she caught Mercer's eyes and somehow drew him toward her, his spectacles gleaming zealously. He was, in a way, a pale carbon copy of Rodney, but shorter, thinner, older, near-sighted, and humorless. "You must have quite a reputation, Dr. Mercer, if they come all the way from Georgia to Maine to sit at your feet!"

"Well, I expect it's the textbooks, Miss Dare," he admitted modestly. "After a man has written as many textbooks as I have, he gets a sort of following among the student body.

He leaned himself against the doorjamb, watching while she got the milk out and warmed it.



I suppose I might claim to have my fans, as they say, just as much as you do!"

"I thought she might like to see the main building, Ralph," Rodney interposed at this point. He had never realized until now what a queer little duck Mercer was—that Very Brilliant Man.

"Oh, yes, by all means—where we forgather in the evenings." Dr. Mercer turned rather coy. "You know, Miss Dare, you really ought to come up some evening when our friend here gets going on his accordion. He's pretty hot stuff!" He laid his hand on Rodney's arm in unmistakable affection, and turned back to his microscope.

"You?" cried Elizabeth, looking up at Rodney with delighted surprise. "The accordion!"

"Well—" he qualified miserably, "we have a sort of band here. I used to play in college, and Frank has a banjo, and there are always a couple of good voices—"

"But what fun! May I really come sometime when you're playing?"

"Well, don't expect too much." He took her arm and propelled her to the door.

"Whatever we bet on Mercer, I win," said Elizabeth as soon as they were outside.

"All right, all right. What do I owe you?" he agreed hastily in a low voice, as though Mercer could hear.

"Well, let's see," she pondered. "I think you owe me a dinner—in New York."

"Done," he said promptly. "A really bang-up dinner—white tie and tails, champagne, the Blue Danube—and you wear your pearl dog collar."

"Nope. That's your Aunt Virginia."

"What will you wear, then?"

"Cloth of gold, at least!"

"Wonderful. I can't wait."

★ IT rained for the next two days, and Rodney put Liz Dare at the back of his mind and devoted himself to Jack White, a weedy youth who was writing his thesis on the Yellow-bellied Sapsucker.

The third day was hot and fair. In the midafternoon drowse a car was heard climbing the hill behind the Station. It came into the drive and stopped, and immediately all hell broke loose. High and clear above the tumult rose a sound which, though he was hearing it for the first time, Rodney recognized instantly as his own personal call to arms.

"Help!" screamed Liz Dare's voice, trained to carry well. "Rodney, come quick!" And then on a higher note of real terror—"Rodney!"

Almost before the peaceful silence of the laboratory had registered the scrape of his chair across its bare floor, Rodney was out of the door, and Charles, as usual, was only three jumps behind him. The rest of them surged to their feet and followed.

In the middle of the path which ran toward the laboratory from the cinder drive, Elizabeth stood with Snorky held high in both her hands.

Prince bounded frantically round her, his great jaws snapping between thunderous barks which Snorky returned with all his might, leaning out of Elizabeth's guarding clasp.

"Down, Prince. Stop it! *Prince!*" yelled Rodney on the run, but while he was still a few yards away the big dog flung himself against her and she went over backward, landing with a quick roll which gathered Snorky under the protecting curve of her body like a football. Rodney seized Prince's collar and hauled him off her, turned him over to Charles, and knelt beside Elizabeth on the ground.

"Liz, are you hurt? Did he get his teeth into you?" Rodney's hands were on her anxiously, raising her against him, searching competently for blood or injury.

"No, of course not. I'm not bitten—Snorky, be quiet!" She cuffed him soundly.

★ RODNEY lifted her to her feet, and she looked up at him, still breathless, with a shaky smile. Both dogs had fallen silent, impressed at last that everybody meant business.

"Now, believe it or not, Prince, this is a dog," Rodney said very quietly. "What's more, he's a friend of mine, and I expect you to be nice to him. O. K.?"

Prince looked up at him with a worried frown and whined. Rodney laid one arm around the big dog's neck and set Snorky down on the ground. "All right, then," he concluded. "He's your guest. Show him round the place."

The two dogs touched noses amicably. Rodney stood up and they made off together side by side toward the kitchen door, Snorky gambling through the tall grass, Prince trotting responsibly.

"Well!" said Elizabeth into the silence they left. "You know, you ought to be with a circus!"

"Who says I'm not?" he demanded, and took out his handkerchief and began to dust off the skirt of her pale blue frock.

When he succeeded in detaching her from the student body, she went out with him to see the motor launch named Isabel which was moored beside its little concrete dock and boat-house in the cove.

"Want to go for a ride?" he asked. "I'd love to."

He cast off the painter from an iron ring in the dock, jumped aboard at the bow and stepped back along the washboard to the floor, easing the Isabel in against the concrete steps which were cut into the dock. Then he looked up at her and held out his hand.

"The lower step is sl—" he began, but never finished.

Elizabeth's neat white oxford came into contact with the half-dried slime on the step at the high-water line. She skidded, regained her balance, found no purchase for her other foot, and with a despairing yell cast herself bodily forward in his direction.

"Careful," he murmured as he caught her easily in his arms and

landed her without a jar—very like a great dancing partner—on the floor of the boat. "You're kind of light on your feet today, aren't you?" he commented mildly.

A moment more she held to his hard shoulder, while knowledge raced through her. Then she straightened.

"Golly, you're strong!" she said only. "You got my whole weight without any warning!"

"What did you expect me to do—fold up?" he queried, and started the engine.

The launch chugged on cheerfully, leaving a lovely wake in the quiet sea. The air blew soft on their faces in a golden world all their own; a world which wore that new and burnished look it can present only to the eyes of people who—whether they are ready to admit it or not—are falling in love. Rodney surveyed it with his unclouded gaze, aware that he ought to do something to put a stop to the enchantment which had its source in the straight blue-clad figure beside him, but yielding still to the memory of the sharp thrill with which he had received the now familiar fragrance of her in his ready arms at the dock, and to an echo almost as disturbing—"Rodney, come quick!" Twice in one day she had thrown herself confidently upon his ability to do whatever was necessary for her preservation.

"Let's go over to my place and ask Mary for some iced tea," she suggested into their companionable silence, and with a long sweet curve of her streaming wake, the Isabel headed for the Baxter landing.

★ ELIZABETH basked in his comfortable acceptance of things as they were. Acutely conscious of the novelty of her own position in the life he lived, she had a subconscious apprehension that suddenly she might find herself outside it again, with the door swinging shut in her face. It left her feeling humble—Liz Dare, as grateful as an orphan for the delicious warmth and excitement of one man's mere presence within reach of her hand! Liz, you've got it bad!

"I never knew before," he said out of his own thoughts while they were sitting in a couple of chairs on the veranda over iced tea and Mary's fresh sponge cake—"I never knew before how easy it was for lotus-eating to set in. I shouldn't be here. You realize that, don't you?"

"Feel as though you're playing hookey?"

"Yes, I am." His face was grave, almost troubled. "You see how fatally easy it would be."

"What would be?" she inquired obtusely.

"All this." His gesture, his slow, appreciative gaze embraced the shady veranda with its cushioned chairs, the tidy lawn with gay flowers blooming at its edges, the drowsy, peaceful sea, the sweating glass in his hand. "But chiefly—you."

"What's the matter with me?"

"You don't belong in my life," he said deliberately, and her heart began

to beat heavily, for she knew he was right and she didn't want to hear, "any more than I belong in yours. I don't intend to fall in love with you, Liz Dare, and the only way I can keep from doing that is to see as little as possible of you—if it's not too late."

"So I'm being warned off." Her eyes, her sweet mouth, were rebellious. She felt baffled, with a most unwelcome inclination to cry. "I didn't ask you into my life; you fell into it—and I can't help it if you'd rather be in New Guinea than sitting on my front porch!"

"I wouldn't," he said quietly. "That's what I'm kicking about. I like it here, I don't deny that. But I haven't time. It doesn't fit in with my plans. I—"

"You mean Mexico!" she accused, nursing her grievance.

"Mexico now, something else later on. Everything about you is dead against the course I have set myself."

"All right, Ulysses, put cotton in your ears and lash yourself to the mast!"

"That's just what I intend to do." He set down his glass and rose.

"Are we quarreling?" she asked in a small voice, sitting still.

"No. The tide won't wait. We'll have to be starting back or I can't get the boat off your landing."

Together, in the intimate, boiling silence of a lovers' tiff, they went down across the lawn again to the wharf.

"You're quite sure we haven't quarreled," she prodded, watching him from a locker seat as he spun the starting wheel.

The engine missed and died. He lifted a harassed face.

"Look, Liz—will you have a heart? You don't want me—I don't need you. Let's not start something we can't finish. I'm going to keep out of your way from now on, but please don't think—well, don't let's have any hard feelings."

★ SHE turned away from him, dipping her fingers into the dark water overside.

"Aren't you—taking a good deal upon yourself?" she queried.

"How do you mean?"

"To decide—for both of us—so soon."

"Liz—!" He dropped down on the locker seat beside her and sat for a moment looking at her averted face. Then he shook his head, with doubt and regret and wariness, though his gaze still lingered. "Oh, no," he told himself firmly. "Things just don't happen that way."

"Maybe they do." She caught at his arm with both hands, one wet from her dabbling, as he made a move toward the engine. "Wait, Rodney—I'm free, white, and twenty-one, and—I can take whatever's coming to me. But why must we go serious on ourselves all of a sudden? Maybe you'd got the wrong idea about me. Forget the girl in the spotlight. I'm no *femme fatale*. I behave myself. You're perfectly safe with me!"

"That's what you think," he said, looking down at her two hands on his arm—Liz Dare's famous talking hands, slim and white with long pink nails. He covered them both with one of his, deliberately crushing them together in his grip. "But who wants to be safe?" he added, and rose, and this time the engine started.

Neither of them spoke again till they reached the cove below the Biological Station, but it was no longer the silence of a quarrel. Elizabeth was breathing easier. The door had not closed in her face. Not yet.

She went ashore in his footsteps along the washboard, with a wide step from there to the dock. The two

smiles and anticipation. "Are you going to give me a show?"

"Well, kind of."

"That sounds wonderful. Please let me contribute something—ice cream—some kind of drinks—or what?"

"You give us just one song," said Frank, "and we'll call it square. Rodney can play the accompaniment on his accordion."

"All the songs you want," she agreed easily. "Eight o'clock on Sunday, then. Come on, Snorky, it's time to go home." She scooped him up out of the grass, and Rodney walked with her toward the car in the drive.

She tossed Snorky on to the seat and slid under the wheel with an enigmatic smile.

"Try and lose me, Rodney," she said softly. "Just try and do it. I've got friends at court. And mind you're on time with that station wagon!"

"I get it," he said placidly. "I was wrong, as usual. So long, Snorky. I'll be seein' you!"



"I just asked for spinach to scare away your hiccups, mom."

dogs came lolloping to meet them as they approached the laboratory, and Charles appeared round the corner of the building, carrying a bucket of sea water in which a few small distracted fish swam busily.

"Well, they've got it all doped out," he told them. "The Queen of England never caused a bigger stir." His blue eyes rested in candid admiration on Liz Dare. "He's been promoted," he said, with a jerk of his head toward Rodney. "Now he's your chauffeur." He ambled off, down toward the shore, carrying the bucket.

"What's he talking about?" said Elizabeth, and they were hailed eagerly from the laboratory by Frank and Alice.

"Oh, Miss Dare, it's all set for Sunday night!" The two youngsters advanced toward her, diffidence outweighed by enthusiasm. "We figure that if Rodney brings you over in our station wagon, then he can take you home in it and you won't have to drive yourself back late in the evening. And we thought if he came for you by eight o'clock, if that wouldn't be too early, it would leave us plenty of time for the program, and refreshments afterward."

"Program?" said Elizabeth, all

★ THE chairs in the lounge had all been pulled round to face a cleared space at one end, at the edge of which sat Rodney and Frank as the orchestra, and the entertainment at once got under way. There were encores for everything. But finally, turning a little toward Liz Dare, Rodney began persuasively to play the music from her latest show.

She grinned at him from her chair, and sang the number right through with him. Then, as he began the next one, she rose, singing, and drifted round his chair, watching his hands on the instrument, until slowly, almost imperceptibly, she was dancing.

When he came to the last bar, he went back to the first, and Liz Dare went on dancing, her eyes resting now and then on his hands, but seeming otherwise unaware of him. Her slippered feet made no sound on the bare floor, the soft full skirt of her carnation-colored dress followed her long limbs in sculptured beauty.

When she had finished, with her dress in a red pool round her knees on the floor, there was an audible gasp of delight from the audience, and then yells and cheers and stamping of feet, as Liz Dare rose again and made them all a bow.

"You know, you're pretty good!" she said to Rodney.

"Surprise!" he grinned.

Refreshments went round. Everybody was talking at once, and the atmosphere was almost drunken with good-fellowship. The time came at last when, with Snorky under her arm, Liz walked beside Rodney out to the station wagon and they began the short drive home through the pine-scented darkness.

Chatter about the party lasted them halfway. Then an intimate silence overtook them. The small light on the dash reached upward to his hands on the wheel, and she found herself watching them as she had watched while he played the accordion—hands long in the finger with close, curved nails. But it was the way he used

(Continued on page 56)

I HELPED CHASE THE GERMANS IN *LIBYA*



British crews in Libya running to their light American tanks.

INT. NEWS PHOTO

Hell in an armored car—A 1942-style reporter goes into battle . . and lives to tell the tale

By Liberty's special war correspondent

ROBERT LOW

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

By Radio:

With British Armored Forces in Libya—

★ IT was no use. Five layers of sweaters and coats, four blankets, and a tarpaulin just weren't enough. This was the cold of a dead planet. Sleep was another luxury the desert did not afford. I lit a cigarette under the cover of my bedroll. You don't show light here—not even the brief flicker of a match. The sea of sand was a frozen waste in the light of a full moon. And the tanks around us were monsters from Mars.

Throughout the day our armored cavalcade had rumbled across the desert toward an enemy column holding the airdrome at Sidi Rezegh. As dusk fell the loose formation of tanks, armored cars, trucks, and transports closed up into a tight group called a "leaguer," not for warmth but for safety. Officers, tank crews, drivers lay beside their tanks ready for action. Rolled up in their blankets, they slept, oblivious to the cold.

Only one man was awake in the

camp. I could see the glow of a concealed cigarette reflecting on his face some yards away. I got up to share with him our unwilling vigil. His name was Paddy. He was a sergeant-major in the Engineers with twenty-eight years' service. It wasn't the cold that was keeping him up, he said. In a few hours, before our attack started in the morning, he was to go in to blow up a mine field which lay between us and the enemy.

Handling explosives was child's play—if you knew how. And he knew how all right. Back in Belgium last year he'd planted several hundred pounds of dynamite in the Albert Bridge. While the rest of the army withdrew to Dunkirk he had remained behind until the arrival of the advancing German forces. When fifteen or more of their tanks, some trucks filled with infantry, and motorcycle troops were on the bridge, he had pushed the plunger and blown them and the main span sky-high. Then he had hopped into his truck and headed down the road for the coast with the dive bombers after him. On the way he crossed a few more bridges, so

up they went too. The delay enabled Paddy and about 50,000 other British soldiers to get away from Dunkirk on that last day. His reward was a military medal and bar. His seventeen-year-old son had last been seen at Dunkirk firing a machine gun at a low-flying German bomber. The bombs it dropped had landed too close.

We crawled back into our bedrolls. Sleep came easily now. But not for long. Three bursts of machine-gun fire scrambled us to our feet—a startling but effective reveille. In the dark hour before dawn, hundreds of heavy motors coughed into life. We ate our breakfast on the move.

A young South African commanding a reconnaissance squadron had offered me a ride the day before. There were five of us in his armored car. I sat beside the driver, the officer and gunner stood in the turret, and the wireless operator nestled in the back. Slowly we moved off to our position on the flank of the tanks to wait for dawn. It came up like thunder that day—but the thunder was Paddy's, not Kipling's.

As the first gray light spread over the desert a terrific explosion split the air. Others followed as the enemy's land mines went up one after another. This was the signal for the armored cars to move up and form the screen for the tanks. A shout from the turret brought us to an abrupt halt. The officer seized the radio telephone:

"Hello, Tommy—Johnny calling.

Fifty enemy tanks moving eastward five miles ahead."

For a quarter of an hour we continued to report the enemy's position as our own tanks cut across to attack them on the flank. Spread out in formation, ours looked like a huge battle fleet. Clouds of sand rose behind them. Suddenly the German column turned in the direction of our attack. We could see the tiny flashes of enemy guns. Behind the German tanks were field and antitank guns.

The distance between the two forces was only 1,500 yards now. The artillery of both sides had opened up. The dust of exploding shells enveloped the leading British tanks. But through the yellow haze the flashes of their guns showed they were still advancing.

At 1,000 yards all hell broke loose. The German tanks were remaining almost stationary, relying on heavy armament and fire power. The faster British tanks were maneuvering in to almost point-blank range.

It seemed incredible that in the melee either side could know whom or what they were firing at. The best I could do was identify the burning tanks: white smoke from the petrol-driven British—thick black smoke from the Diesel oil of the Germans. There was plenty of both.

★ WE were moving again, this time toward the center of the battle. I wondered about that armor of ours. It was all right against machine-gun fire, but not for those German antitank shells that were ricocheting along just in front of us.

We were going in to pick up the crew of a British tank that had been knocked out. The driver put the car into third gear and pushed the accelerator down to the floor board. We shot ahead. Suddenly there was a terrific crackle overhead. The machine gun in our turret was firing in the direction of the tank. For a moment I thought it must be German, after all. Then I saw that the bursts were landing ahead and to windward of it.

We drove up to within ten yards of it with the gun still firing. Its turret opened and two men jumped out. Then two more heads appeared. The men on the outside helped lift one man out. We drove up alongside and helped this wounded man into our car. He was the gunner of the tank. He'd stopped a nasty piece of shrapnel in his abdomen.

Less than eight miles from the scene of the battle we drove up to a casualty clearing station. There were several Red Cross tents and two large trucks backed together end to end. Those trucks formed a miniature operating theater. The surgeon had the gunner on his operating table exactly forty minutes after he'd been wounded. It saved his life.

Throughout the day we were in and out of the fighting. The shelling and firing became meaningless; there was too much of it. You saw things that only seemed fantastic later, when the

battle was over. The brigade commander driving through the thick of the battle sitting atop a tank turret shouting encouragement to the crews, beating with a long stick on the sides of any tanks that seemed to be lagging behind and urging them on with a few well-chosen words. Late in the afternoon the German tanks began falling back. Ours had worked their way round to the west and were making a final attack out of the sun.

The battlefield was ours for the night, and that gave us a chance to repair our own damaged tanks and destroy the enemy's. Our objective, Sidi Rezegh airdrome, was only of secondary importance compared to the blow inflicted on the German forces. Their General Rommel had lost twenty-six tanks he could not replace.

Just before dusk we climbed out of the car for the first time in ten hours. The tanks and trucks were forming a leaguer once more. The five of us sat round our fire and watched the mulligan of bully beef, beans, and onions bubble up. We'd be able to have two cups of tea. The ration is three cups of water a day. But we'd missed ours earlier. We felt pretty good.

The officer who commanded the squadron as well as our car reported to the headquarters truck and came with orders that we were moving off at once. A convoy of 250 ammunition trucks was on its way up from the base depot. This ammunition was badly needed by the New Zealanders who were fighting in the coastal sector to the north of us. We were going to escort it by night through forty miles of enemy-infested desert.

At the rendezvous point we found the trucks formed up into columns, three abreast, with some tanks to guard their flanks and rear. In the event of an attack the trucks were to disperse and get away while the armored vehicles fought a rear-guard action. Two expert desert navigators led the convoy; our armored car and two others formed a screen in front.

★ I STOOD in the turret with the commander, watching the leading trucks following in our wake. And I paid a silent tribute to the Royal Army Service Corps drivers. A tough, thankless job, with all the risks and no glory. Yet they never fail to appear when needed most.

It was strange, moving across the desert at night, never knowing whether we were being stalked by the enemy or driving straight into one of his camps. Occasionally a white flare would climb lazily to the sky in the distance and hang there. German sentries shoot those up whenever they think they've seen or heard something. At other times green or red Very lights rose. Italian sentries shot those off to keep up their spirits or something. There were plenty of the boys around, all right, but so far none directly on our course.

Every two hours we stopped. We were making about eight miles an hour. On the second halt we swung back the length of the convoy. "That's

funny—I don't remember seeing a truck like that here before," the officer said, pointing to a big ten-wheeler. He was right. The truck was German. It had joined up behind us in the darkness and followed along for miles. When we stopped, the driver asked in German where we were bound for. In a moment he was nicely tied up in the back of his truck.

For three more hours we crawled through the night, and then it happened. The officer spotted the tiny light first. It was almost dead ahead. He brought the convoy to a halt.

★ WITH another armored car we drove on cautiously for about two miles. The light was still burning steadily. Another mile, and then we spotted some German and British trucks, but all seemed to be derelict. A quarter of a mile beyond we saw a group of about sixty or seventy tents. "I don't like the look of this—but we'd better find out whose camp that is," the C. O. said. We drove on. The light we had seen was coming from two or three tents at the far side of the camp. Yet there was no movement. No challenge. Only a silence best described as sinister.

When we reached the center of the camp the C. O. whistled softly and the other car drew up. "Go over to that big tent and see who is inside. We'll cover you from here," he said.

The car drove up to the entrance and the car commander climbed out, carrying his tommy gun. Slowly he poked his head inside the tent. Then he withdrew it and climbed back into his car. He drove back to us.

"There were a few men in there sitting around a table. I couldn't tell what sort of uniforms they were wearing. They saw me but paid no attention. It didn't look right to me," he reported.

We drove up to another tent. The C. O. shouted, "Anybody in there? What camp is this, anyway?"

More silence, but we could see moving figures silhouetted against the canvas. He shouted again. This time two men crawled out from under the flap. At the same moment the light went out inside the tent. So we couldn't see their uniforms.

"Who the hell are you?" the C. O. demanded angrily.

"Shhh—don't make any noise," came the whispered reply in English. "This is a German prisoner-of-war camp. We're British prisoners. Watch out for the sentries."

At that the officer gave Cyril a kick. "Jump on, jump on!" he shouted as the car shot off. But they made no effort to move. As we roared straight through the camp I shouted the few good curses I knew in German. But just whom that was supposed to fool I can't think now.

They didn't open fire on us until we were almost clear of the camp, and then it was too late. A four-mile detour took the convoy safely past the enemy and eventually into the New Zealanders' lines.

THE END

STALIN: DEVIL OR GENIUS?

A century's work in a decade! The story of
how the Red Dictator modernized old Russia

BY EMIL LUDWIG

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

During the four years after Lenin's death in 1924, not much could be accomplished in Russia, chiefly because of the Stalin-Trotsky struggle. Siding with Trotsky, Lenin's widow demanded that his "testament," unfavorable to Stalin's ambitions, be made public. Eventually Stalin read it aloud in a room in the Kremlin to nineteen men. He submitted his resignation, knowing that a subservient Congress would refuse it; he promoted worship of "Leninism" and, through his control of the press, bitterness against "Trotskyism." By 1927-28 Trotsky and his supporters had to hold illegal meetings. The wearied masses had been unmoved by his zeal in the cause of "world revolution," and in the end Stalin got the Congress to remove him from the Politbureau.

Mr. Ludwig now considers how much honor is distinctively due to Stalin for the timely modernization of Red Russia. It is to be remembered that, throughout, the views expressed are Mr. Ludwig's own, not Liberty's.

PART SIX—STALIN AND THE FIVE-YEAR PLANS

★ NOW Trotsky took up the struggle, and on excellent grounds. Chiang Kai-shek, who had made an alliance with the Communists, suddenly made an about-face and carried out a bloody purge. Stalin seemed compromised, for it was he, the Asiatic, who had strengthened the bonds of friendship with the Chinese leader and had recommended the creation of a great Asiatic block of 600,000,000 against the British Empire. Now Trotsky accused Stalin of betraying the world revolution, and eighty-three well known leaders added their names to the manifesto.

In this dangerous situation Stalin risked everything, and actually carried out his *coup d'état*. He had the subservient Congress Committee pass the resolution sending the leader into exile. Certain passages in the fiery debate have come through to us:

STALIN: You, Comrade Trotsky, cannot even summon the courage to defend your own formula.

TROTSKY: A slogan which some one else invented. I have nothing to do with your slanders.

STALIN: Comrade Trotsky knows very well that I can prove everything with documents.

TROTSKY: You can prove nothing. You are a liar.

STALIN: I leave the big words to you! I will submit the papers of our comrade for examination.

Within a few days the Congress resolved to exile Trotsky. He refused to accept the sentence. When the police came for him he remained sitting, so that the men had to lift him in their arms and carry him down the stairs by force. His sixteen-year-old son slipped out between them and called down: "Comrades, they are carrying Trotsky away!" At the station the crowd barred access to the platform. Trotsky was carried back to his house. There was a delay. The next day there was a new maneuver; the train started from another station. For seventeen days Trotsky, his wife, and his son traveled to the Kirghiz country, into the Siberian exile out of which he had escaped twenty-one years before, at the same time and by the same means as Stalin. At the villages on the way

the son foraged for bread, butter, and writing materials.

It was then that Trotsky showed that he could rise superior to destiny. In this tragic situation he was able to crack jokes, to put together the shattered hearth of their little home as an enterprise in "reconstruction," to appoint his son "Postmaster General." At the end of the world, in the midst of malaria and wild dogs, they installed themselves with classic humor. Trotsky plunged into the geography, history, and economics of Asia. A picture shows the three of them with a borzoi, the mother resting her hand lightly on her son's shoulder and looking up with the utmost trust at her husband: the idealist's family.

It was not for nothing that these people had been exiled and held pris-

TROTSKY ACCUSED AND BANISHED

oners in their youth. They knew all the devious ways by which a government can be deceived. But so did Stalin, who now had to play the government's part; he knew them only too well. He recognized the fact that the 3,000 miles between Trotsky and Moscow were not enough. The enemy had to be gotten out of the country. One year after the exile a decree of the secret police was read to Trotsky: having plotted to take up arms against the Soviet Union, he was to be deported to Turkey.

After all the hardships of a sleigh journey through mountain passes in January, after a journey of 4,000 miles which took twenty days, they reached the Black Sea. The steamer was frozen in and had to be freed by an icebreaker so that it could carry the three deportees to Constantinople.

At the same moment Stalin, frozen in the Kremlin, also felt himself freed as if by an icebreaker. The enemy was gone. Now he could take up the work of reconstruction. But as he turned his back on this interlude, he happened to catch sight, in the last report handed him, of the name of the ship on which he was having Trotsky taken out of Russia.

It was the *Lenin*!

★ JOSEPH STALIN is a pioneer; he is the greatest colonizer of our age. If we compare results and not methods, he comes closest to the great pioneers of America.

But for the Russians it was both easier and more difficult. It was easier because to America came men and women from foreign lands; they began to clear the primeval forest, to open up the unused stores of metal, to unlock the wealth of natural resources. Every pioneer was a miniature discoverer. As against this, Stalin and the Russians had almost nothing to discover. They had before them a land which had been studied for centuries, a land which had remained backward and undeveloped only because of an antiquated social order and because of the laziness and arrogance of a small ruling class.

On the other hand it was more diffi-



SOVfoto PHOTO

Harvesting wheat in the northern Caucasus, where Russian youth points proudly to acreage "cultivated according to the latest word in agricultural science."

cult for the Russians because their struggle with the former possessors—their civil war—was costlier than the struggle of the Americans with the Indians. For three years a war was waged against them from the outside, and for another ten years they lived under the threat of war, and all this while they were in the midst of a new system, subject to continuous experimentation and change. What is taking place today in Russia is the self-defense of pioneers, twenty years after their first conquest, whereas America had almost a hundred years in which to develop peacefully before the two wars came. Hence the feverishness, the rapid tempo in which the Russians had to develop their country. Modern technology did not demand this tempo; it only made it easier.

Why is it, in spite of all this, that history does not hold up any one name as the leader, the directing genius, of the American pioneers before the year 1770? The answer is, because

AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN PIONEERS

in America everything depended on the individual, and communities arose only when a new area had been cleared and built up. The legends and songs and pictures of America refer, with few exceptions, to the unknown pioneer, and not to any one man who thought everything out in advance.

There is no central idea-man of colonization. Time, locality, and circumstances demanded and permitted only a slow impersonal development. That age, which did not know the word collectivism, developed one of the two richest countries in the world, collectively, voluntarily, without commands and without plan.

In the other of the two richest countries the national wealth developed under the dictatorship of a class which was simultaneous with the dictatorship of a single man. Hence the paradox that in Russia, where 180,000,000 human beings seem to govern themselves and to enjoy every kind of freedom, it was in reality a small group of men who worked out a plan and spread it like a great net over

the country. The natural resources of America were opened up in complete freedom for the individual; those of Russia in the complete absence of such freedom. America grew like a tree; Russia was constructed like a machine, and has an engineer who designed the machine.

Obviously he neither invented nor built it all by himself. In conversation with me Stalin specifically relinquished any claim to have been the discoverer of Russian reconstruction. But a people which had only just awakened, and at the very moment of its awakening had been given a rude shock, had to get itself an idol, a demigod, particularly since God had been deleted from the picture. Since this man was able to unite all the power in himself, it was possible to canalize the reverence and fear of the entire people toward a single name.

In reality Stalin inherited his plan from Lenin, even if his propaganda

SERFDOM TO MACHINE AGE IN A DECADE

machine denies it. Lenin called for a fifteen-year plan for the electrification of Soviet Russia, and had the plan drawn up. This was the groundwork, and Lenin formulated the famous phrase: "Communism is the Soviet State plus electrification." And actually it took fifteen years to carry out the plan, but in enormously expanded form. In 1925, again, when the "Gosplan" began as the statistical control of the emergent industries, Stalin had no part in it.

And yet to him belongs the credit for having in the course of a decade lifted the largest country in the world, and the richest in natural resources, from a backward peasant state to an industrial state, and for having at the same time transformed its agriculture by American methods and carried culture, education, science and, above all, the possibility of obtaining these, literally into every one of its cottages. That Stalin should have done this on a Socialist basis is due to no discovery of his, or of Lenin's, or of Marx's; it only happens to be the sharpest manifestation of a natural development which may be observed in all countries in various tempos and in various forms.

The nice distinctions between Socialism and Communism, which have today become a parlor game for scholars and politicians, have always had their counterparts whenever the world has shifted in the direction of radicalism. When circumstances make compulsory a change in a bank, a stock company, or a national constitution, the older people are always less afraid of facts than of names. Twenty years ago somebody started the grandmother's fable that Socialism means the common ownership by all of all things—women included, wherever possible—and that under a Socialist regime every idiot and every loafer would earn as much as a gifted and industrious person. As a result we today find people in favor of nationalization of public utilities but shying

away from a word one half of which—as far as its real content is concerned—has been adopted by all the warring states. While Lenin's "War Communism" has long since been modified into a state with Socialist principles, the war has stepped up the national economic management of the democracies. The two developments are converging. There is no such thing today as a planless economy.

Neither Stalin nor Lenin was the discoverer of the planned economy.

WHO "DISCOVERED" PLANNED ECONOMY?

If there was one man who, immediately before the Russian Revolution, laid down the lines of the planned economy, and popularized it with his brilliant pen, it was the scion of one of Europe's leading capitalist entrepreneurs; it was Walther Rathenau, an extremely gifted German Jew who first worked out the theory and then put it into practice in Germany in the field of raw materials. When, later on, the Weimar Republic appointed him to the position of Minister for Foreign Affairs, he was a lost man, for even before Hitler the Germans would not tolerate a Jew in a leading position, nor will they ever tolerate one after Hitler. The Nazis assassinated Rathenau, and subsequently Hitler had a monument put up to the assassins on the spot where they committed suicide while fleeing arrest. This man was the inventor of the planned economy which since his time has been adopted by all dictators and by all democratic countries. It is being applied in a variety of forms in the five or eight capitals of the world. After the war, every nation will choose its own social forms in keeping with its character and history, but none will be able to turn back to a completely private economy.

The Socialist state was forced upon Russia. It was able to become the most modern of all countries precisely because it had been the most backward. In the little Swiss village in which I have passed most of my life the electric light came immediately after the oil lamp; gas lighting was skipped. Russia, too, skipped the gas-light period, as it were.

Stalin forced the transformation of Russia in exactly the same way as Peter the Great had done. When I therefore asked him whether he did not feel himself to be the successor of the latter, he denied it preposterously:

"These historic parallels are always dangerous. But if you insist on it, I can only say the following: Peter—he purposely omitted 'the Great'—only brought one stone to the temple; Lenin built it. But I am only Lenin's disciple, and my only desire is to be known as his worthy successor."

When a dictator strikes such a pose of humility, you may be sure that something is wrong. That this verdict of Stalin's was both false objectively and disingenuous personally was soon proved when he had the movie film

Peter the Great released: the scale and style were on such magnificent lines that the parallel was inescapable. Peter called the people a malleable mass. In this respect he, like Stalin, resembled Pericles, who was also a spurious democrat, being in reality an autocrat.

Stalin might even have derived some advantage by pointing to the specific difference between Peter's colonizing mission and his own. Both began as dictators. But in the course of the years a new factor emerged. While the peasants fought the new reconstruction, the rich ones furiously, the poor ones passively, there arose among the workers, and particularly among the youth, a genuine enthusiasm; and this alone could crown Stalin's work with such brilliant results. When the Five-Year Plan had been under way for two years, the workers in most factories undertook to put it through in four. They actually managed to complete 93.7 per cent of it in four and a quarter years.

When opponents speak of propaganda, it is proper to ask what national movement has ever been carried out without propaganda.

ALL CHANGES NEED PROPAGANDA

Pericles manipulated his voters, the harbor workers, for his annual reelection with the same skill as Caesar. Stalin had a much more difficult job, for the land was not yet developed. When the famine came in 1931 the whole world believed that the plan was about to collapse and the Bolshevik regime with it. Contemporaries the world over debated whether the tremendous experiment justified the sacrifice, and whether the famine was not the result of the experiment.

Russian history is filled with famines which were only in part due to crop failures. Those who consider the Socialist state an unnecessary innovation, and believe they could have managed with conservative methods, will condemn Stalin's regime, for it undoubtedly shared in the responsibility for the famine which arose from the resistance of the peasants.

But Stalin had no choice. From the beginning of his dictatorship—that is to say, from the time of the exiling of Trotsky and the removal of all the other leaders of the opposition—a terrific danger lay like an incubus on the new state: the German war. Stalin who, in contrast to Lenin and Trotsky, never believed the world revolution imminent, really understood the utterly antirevolutionary character of the Germans. He had a correct insight into that German mixture of obedience and brutality, both of which only wait for the word of command. He told me, in this connection, the following anecdote:

"When I was in Berlin in 1907*, we had arranged that the Socialists of every part of the city should get together at a big meeting. About two

hundred had come from the suburbs. When they came to the railroad gate where the tickets had to be handed over, the ticket collector was not there. We Russians who were among them urged them to pass through the open gate, as they all had their railroad tickets; but they would not budge, and it looked as if they would have waited there for hours if the ticket collector had not happened to turn up. When I was in Dresden I found that the law was treated with the same respect as frost or thunder or some other natural force against which man's will is of no avail. When I was in Vienna in 1912 I went with my Russian friends into the park at Schönbrunn; we noticed everywhere the sign *Verboten*, but we were not used to such things and we must have paid a fine of a *kroner* twenty times over for the pleasure of breaking the law. Our German friends laughed at us for our delight in that form of amusement. That's how it was in those days.

"But today? Where is the German sense of order today? Where is the respect for law? The Nazis break the law whenever they find it stands in their way. They shoot and bludgeon right and left."

As early as the time of the first Five-Year Plan Stalin saw the war with Germany coming. But during the second Five-Year Plan,

STALIN FORESAW THE GERMAN WAR

which began in 1933 together with Hitler's assumption of power, the whole of Russia realized that war impended. And if the Chamberlains and Daladiers refused to believe, that only made the threat to Russia the graver. The Russians had to reckon with the possibility that the governments in London and Paris, friendly as they were to Hitler, would unite with him in the so-called crusade against Communism. In the eyes of the Russians the terrible phrase current in Paris, "Better Hitler than Blum," which has found such inexorable fulfillment, could not but be regarded as a direct threat.

It was under such pressure that Russia had to be developed into a rich country by its new colonizers. Never has such a mighty enterprise been carried out under such perilous conditions. Moreover, 150,000,000 helpers had to be fed, encouraged, or pacified while the work was in progress. Fundamentally there was nothing ready, not even the tools, and statistics reveal that in most branches no more was produced in 1928 than in the time of the Czarist regime. To such a degree had the civil war, but also the first Socialist experiment, shattered the country.

If Stalin was to save Socialism and Russia from the threat of war, his first job was to create modern armaments. This depended on coal, iron, and other raw materials, all of which were to be found in Russia. In natural resources the country is actually richer

(Continued on page 42)

* Liberty has been unable to confirm the statement that Stalin was in Berlin in 1907. According to one good though unofficial authority, he did go to London in that year.

IT'S THEIR TURN NOW



HARVE FISCHMAN RICHARD WILLIAMS VAN DYKE TIERS GERARD DARROW JACK LUCAL JOAN BISHOP

A QUIZ BY THE QUIZ KIDS

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Grade yourself as follows:

- 35 correct Excellent
- 30 correct Good
- 25 correct Fair
- 20 correct Passing
- Under 20 Failing

Joan Bishop's Liberty Questions

- 1—The life of what great composer was saved by a button?
- 2—From what symphony is the Ode to Joy taken?
- 3—From what classical work do we get the song, Isle of May?
- 4—Who wrote (1) the Firebird Suite; (2) Firework music; (3) Ritual Fire Dance, and from what suite does the last come?
- 5—In what opera do we find the Polka Saloon, and who wrote the opera?
- 6—Name three operas based on stories of (1) the Bible, (2) Greek mythology.
- 7—In what opera do we hear the aria, Ritorna Vincitor?

Gerard Darrow's Liberty Questions

- 8—What turtle defends itself like a skunk?
- 9—What two animals can go without water?
- 10—Name two birds that line their nests with snakeskin.
- 11—Where do we get isinglass?
- 12—What color feathers has a mon-goose?
- 13—Describe an Old World cuckoo's nest.

Harve Fischman's Liberty Questions

- 14—Suppose you saw this advertisement in your newspaper, who might have inserted it?
- WANTED: Personal valet for gentleman whose wardrobe includes one hundred pairs of trousers and eighty-five pairs of shoes. Apply, "Beau Brummell," The White House, 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.

- 15—Of all the Presidents' wives to date,
This one outshines them all.
And that's because she served the most
Inside the White House wall.

Who was she?

- 16—Every one knows Jefferson Davis had no predecessor and no successor, but who in American history had the same predecessor and successor?

- 17—Four famous men whose Christian names are Stephen, Thomas, John, and Hiram are: (a) Confederate generals, (b) Presidents, (c) newspapermen, (d) naval heroes. Which?

- 18—Suppose you read the following page from a famous man's diary: "June 30, 1863. Went into town today to lay in a supply of shoes. Spotted Buford's cavalry. Reported this to Gen. Hill. Orders are to attack." Who would the man be and what event would be spoken of?

- 19—Here is an invitation to a party: "You are invited to attend a party to be held at the Dartmouth, the Beaver, and the Eleanor. Please come in costume." What party would you attend and what would you wear?

- 20—During the Battle of Monmouth a certain soldier who was unusual exhibited bravery and was awarded a captaincy in the United States army. Who was this brave soldier and what was unusual?

Jack Lucal's Liberty Questions

- 21—If Methuselah were the youngest in a four-generation picture (all men), who would be the other three?
- 22—Name three occasions in the Bible where the serpent plays an important part in the story.
- 23—Who was the first President of the Chinese Republic?

- 24—What men have these important positions: Chief of the Office of Civilian Defense, Federal Loan Administrator, and head of the OPACS?

- 25—How many United States Presidents have been elected by the House of Representatives and who were they?

- 26—Name the additions in territory which were made to the United States in the following years: 1819, 1845, 1853.

- 27—Name the Presidential candidates who were called the "Great Commoner," the "Plumed Knight," "Happy Warrior," and the "Little Giant."

Van Dyke Tiers' Liberty Questions

- 28—A famous American poem mentions the Oregon River. This river is no longer called the Oregon. What is its present name and in what poem was its former name used?

- 29—If twenty Quiz Kids met, and each one shook hands with each of the others, how many handshakes would there be in all?

- 30—What is the difference between a mallard duck and an ornithorhynchus?

- 31—Where is Cocos Island? Christmas Island?

- 32—You all probably have seen, or rather been aware of, a Torricellian vacuum; but can you identify it?

- 33—This is a tough one: What is the difference between electrostatics and electrokinetics?

- 34—The English names of ten chemical elements begin with "C." How many can you name? Six right out of ten would be a good score.

Richard Williams' Liberty Questions

- 35—We all know what candy is, but what and where is Kandy?

- 36—A friend of mine asked me how much my dog Sally weighed. I told him that she had gained one pound, which was two seventeenths of her former weight. How much does she weigh now?

- 37—Many of us can name the provinces of Canada bordering the United States, but I don't imagine many can name the Mexican provinces that border us. Name them from east to west.

- 38—My brother has longer legs than I have, so when we go downtown to the movies he can get there while I am going two thirds of the way to them. After the show he gets home when I am still three blocks from home. How far do we live from the theater?

- 39—If some one gave you a marzipan, would you wear it, play it, ride it, or eat it?

- 40—There are 200 boys in the freshman class in my school. How many different basketball teams could be organized from them?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

A CRITIC IN CAMP

Are the soldiers getting the kind of shows they want? One man's opinion: He doubts it!

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★ DURING the first World War two French soldiers, recovering from a bloody battle far behind the lines, took stock of the situation. "And now what?" meditated one to the other. "And now," gloomily replied the other, "if once more they try to entertain us by sending down another company of actors in Tartufe, I go over to the Boches!"

It would not have done him much good. For at approximately the same time the Boches were periodically hoping to entertain and distract their own soldiers with, of all things, scenes from the classic drama of Schiller.

What soldiers frequently get and really want in the way of amusement are generally horses of a distinctly different color. Yet those who are in charge of looking after their needs seem to labor under the theory that what they may possibly relish in mufti is exactly the thing they will crave when in uniform. There are many men in service who, in peacetime, undoubtedly react favorably to something like, say, one of Maurice Evans' Shakespearean productions. But try to give these very same men any such fare once they are in a military camp and they will not only be bored to death but will be disgustedly resentful.

This may be exaggerating the species of entertainment currently meted out to the boys. Nevertheless, what is meted out to them is sometimes in its own way approximately as ill-considered. The first play sent out to the American camps in the present war was a comedy called *Out of the Frying Pan*. It dealt with a group of youngsters desperately seeking acting jobs on the professional stage. That a play with any such theme could conceivably, despite its moments of humor, fascinate the rapt interest of several hundred thousand soldiers, not more than one out of every five hundred of whom gave a continental for the Broadway histrionic ambitions of young folk, could have been believed only by the Broadway theatrical solons operating the USO-Camp Shows, Inc.

After months of laborious preparation, the play that these master minds initially selected to entertain the soldiers—it was to have preceded this *Out of the Frying Pan*—was the comedy called *My Sister Eileen*. It was rehearsed for four weeks with an especially hired cast and was all set

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



Maurice Evans as Macbeth. Below, right: Olsen, Johnson, Carmen Miranda in *Sons o' Fun*. One guess which the boys in camp would rather see!

to be sent around the camps when, on the very eve of its departure, some one belatedly came to the conclusion that not only was its story of a couple of virtuous girls who found themselves housed in an apartment previously occupied by a sporting lady with still persistent seekers after her favors hardly the thing for the camps but that, even if it were, you couldn't very well play it save on stages fully equipped with trap doors and other appurtenances of a legitimate stage.

That gives you a faint idea of the way entertainment for soldiers is sometimes approached.

With the crude, makeshift facilities available in most of the camps, it is and will be impossible properly to present plays, however appropriate, with any degree of proficiency. Except for a simple farce or musical revue, the business is practically impossible. What is the alternative?

The favorite entertainer of the American soldiers in France during the last war was the singing mimic, Elsie Janis. The favorite entertainer of the English soldiers in this has been the droll singer, Beatrice Lillie. Gracie Fields and her songs have particularly stimulated the Canadian boys. Maurice Chevalier and his ditties have done the same service for the French. And, if the reports are to be trusted, the German soldiers have responded

with equal enthusiasm to the songs and antics of favorite comedians from the Berlin Wintergarten.

What soldiers of any army, and the American in particular, seem especially to want are not two-hour straight plays, whatever their nature, but vaudeville. What they long for are singing and dancing girls and funny men—and to the devil with the drama. They want their entertainment in quick doses—and a lot of doses. Abbott and Costello can do more to make the boys happy and forget their troubles than the greatest production of an O'Neill play ever heard of.

We have read reports from abroad telling us that, when on furlough, German soldiers in Berlin hotfoot it immediately to see Goethe's *Faust*, and that the German army of occupation in Paris is the biggest and most enthusiastic customer of the classic *Comédie Française*. I don't believe it. And if you do, I'll lay you odds of fifty to one that it isn't true. Soldiers of whatever nation are hardly constituted that way. Give the average man in uniform, private or officer, his choice between a song-and-dance show and the finest production of Goethe or any other such dramatic magnifico, and it is the former he will grab ten times out of ten.

If the USO-Camp Shows, Inc., which

has the entertainment problem of our soldiers to solve, in the future insists that the boys be given occasional plays rather than vaudeville and light revues, let it take a tonic suggestion from this department. Let it—and the productions will be simple and easy—put on absurd melodramas like *The House of Doom*, which the boys can razz to their hearts' delight and co-incidentally have the time of their lives. Let it put on some of the old 10-20-30 peanut-gallery thrillers and let the boys comport themselves like Olsen and Johnson at them. Audience participation is just the dish for the camps, and such shows provide ample opportunity for it.

If I were the head of the Camp Shows organization, this is the general sort of program I should nominate:

I. In the way of plays, such non-sensical, waywardly comical pseudo-thrillers as have been noted.

II. In the way of vaudeville shows, bills made up, if possible, of items something like the following:

1. Joe Besser in the uproarious army induction skit from *Sons o' Fun*.

2. Jack Mann in the comical water-squirting act from *High Kickers*.

3. Frances Langford, Carol Bruce, or Dinah Shore in blues songs.

4. Sophie Tucker doing anything.

5. A boxing bout by any two available top-notch prizefighters of whatever weight category. (I am informed by the camps that the boys are hungry for such spectacles.)

6. Gilli Gilli, the magician.

7. Wells and McGinty in their crazy housebuilding act.

8. A team of ballroom or eccentric dancers.

9. Smith and Dale, one of the funniest vaudeville acts on record.

10. Joe Jackson, the tramp bicyclist. Or Red Marshall, the burlesque clown.

11. A good troupe of jugglers or

acrobats, or Al Gordon's company of performing dogs.

12. Professor Lamberti and his hilarious xylophone act.

III. Concerts by Benny Goodman's, Ben Bernie's, Paul Whiteman's, Cab Calloway's, and other such bands and orchestras.*

IV. The best scenes from current Broadway successes, six to a program, and acted by especially hired players, preferably actors temporarily out of work.

V. Dance contests after the manner of the New York Daily News' annual Harvest Moon Ball.

That the soldiers are far from satisfied with the species of entertainment that has often been provided them is indicated by their announced intention here and there to go it on their own and to attempt to supply their own forms of diversion. To this end, a staff of graduates of the show business who are now in service has been constituted, with headquarters at Governor's Island, to work out plans. Talent will be rounded up in the camps and shows will be built around it. Bands will be recruited from among the boys; topical revues will be prepared by them; even light, gay plays will be acted by them. If the idea works so well in the case of colleges and universities, there is no reason why it should not work just as well in the instance of the camps. For there doubtless isn't a camp in the country that doesn't contain as much, if indeed not a lot more, talent than that which yearly has put on the shows of Harvard's Hasty Pudding Club, Pennsylvania's Mask and Wig, Princeton's Triangle Club, and the like. Many of the boys who have worked on and in these shows are now in the camps, so the business ought to be doubly easy.

Inquiry among several typical camps discloses the fact that what the soldiers look forward to is considerably greater diversity than they presently are get-

ting in the successive bills offered them. Some of these shows, they allow, may be all right in their way, but they are too much alike. After a month in which four different female singers yodel exactly the same songs, four different bands play exactly the same compositions, and four different male baritones shout God Bless America, it's time, the boys argue, for a little relief. And something also ought to be done, they groan, about the masters of ceremonies.

These masters of ceremonies, they point out, are as alike as so many Welsh rabbits, and as indigestible. One and all they open up with what a great pleasure and privilege it is for the performers to be graciously permitted to try to entertain the soldiers. They then launch into a gratuitous patriotic spiel, as if the boys were not already fully patriotic and rarin' to go. A couple of wheezes that the camp has heard several times before now come into the picture by way of lightening the tone of the spiel, and these are followed by an old Irvin Cobb after-dinner story which is supposed to get the first number on the show's bill going gaily. It's enough, complain the boys, to spoil any show, however otherwise good. Especially as the masters of ceremonies pop out before each and every act and make matters worse by pulling jokes even sourer than their introductory ones.

Another thing that I have heard the soldiers yap about—and justifiably—is the visibly second- and third-rate talent that is most often unloaded upon them. For one performer of reputation and competence, they have been getting two to three dozen recruited from the good Lord alone knows where, and the substitutes have been pretty hard to swallow. Worse, the shows in which they have appeared have been the rankest sort of paraphrases of Broadway musicals and night-club floor shows. The exhibits called *The Beachcombers*, *Sunshine Revue*, *Razzle Dazzle*, *Funzafire*, *Happy Go Lucky*, and the like are presented by the boys as grim examples. What is more, they lament, while the efforts of such performers in them as Victor Hyde, Stubby Kaye, Milton Douglas, Lew Parker, Clarence Stroud, Benny Ross, and Maxine Stone have been sincere to the point of breathlessness, it would certainly be swell for a change to get a few people like Eddie Cantor, Jimmy Durante, Victor Moore, Joe E. Lewis, and Ethel Merman.

There are at the moment of writing 215 camps on the USO-Camp Shows circuit. And at the moment of writing at least 190 of them are pretty discouraged in trying to be cheered up by small-time cafeteria entertainers singing (with gestures) *You're a Sap*, *Mister Jap*, and by former small-time vaudeville wags telling the one about the girl who told her boy friend she was like the *Venus di Milo*, and when he asked her why, replied, "Hands off, big boy, hands off!"

THE END

*Editorial note: This suggestion has already been followed and is now in operation.



HONEYMOON INCORPORATED



BY
PHYLLIS
MORRIS



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★ TAD wrote "Honeymoon Incorporated" at the bottom of the check with a flourish and slid it over to Anne. She added, "Anne Lake, Vice-President in Charge," grinned at Tad, and went marching to the cashier's window marked MR. JANSEN.

The check that they had jointly written was for the exact balance in the account. The teller knew it would be. He'd watched this account grow, by fifty cents and dollars, as vigilantly as Anne and Tad.

He remembered the first day they came into the bank. Two scared kids. He wouldn't have noticed them except for that. They were the kind of people no one ever noticed. Little people important only to themselves. The world was filled with them. Little nobodies . . . who would never be anybody. People whose name would never be in a newspaper. But still, they were nice people. Honest people. People who would pay their debts. He had decided they wanted a loan. They had that look. Instead they opened an account. He couldn't have been more surprised!

Mr. Jansen prided himself on knowing what people wanted before they opened their mouths. Tad had been their spokesman, and finally admitted they didn't want to open just an ordinary account. They wanted to open one under the name of "Honeymoon Incorporated."

"Is it a new business?" he remembered he'd asked politely.

"It isn't a business at all," Anne had said proudly. "We want to save for our honeymoon."

That had been a new one to him, but he'd fixed it up, suggesting that one signature be used. That was how Anne had become "Vice-President in Charge."

After that, every week for three years, Tad and Anne had made a de-

posit. Sometimes they came in together, and occasionally alone. One day when Anne came in, her face was pale and she had a worried pucker around her mouth. She said she wanted to draw out some money. His first thought was that something had happened—something awful. Perhaps they had broken their engagement!

"Is anything wrong?" he asked. Tad's mother was ill. He almost sighed with relief. He felt sorry about Tad's mother, but he was glad everything was all right with Honeymoon Incorporated. He supposed it was then that he'd started watching their account as closely as they did. He knew exactly what was happening to those kids by the money they deposited. He liked to think of them at odd moments. They seemed synonymous with happiness.

He wondered many times why they didn't get married on the money they had accumulated. Why they didn't settle down in a nice little apartment some place. He even ventured asking them. Without hesitation they answered:

"Because when we get married we want to leave right away on a honeymoon. It's what we've always dreamed about, and if we never do anything else, we're going to do that."

Their account grew, and when he saw them at the counter, writing, he knew they had reached their goal. They had come to withdraw the money. He'd been expecting it for weeks and now it had come. He'd miss their weekly visits, but he was happy for them.

He had three customers, but they waited for him instead of going to another window.

Anne handed him the check. He looked it up in the files. He knew the check was to the penny, but rules are rules.

Mr. Jansen counted out the money, all the while thinking of the trips to

the bank it had taken to make this balance. They were going to spend it all on one trip. He'd probably never see them again—never add pennies of interest to their account again. It was sad. He counted out the last dollar.

"Where are you going to be married?" He thought he would send a flower.

"City Hall," they said as one. Then Anne added, "Would you come, Mr. Jansen?"

Would he!

The wedding was a simple one. At noon, the last day of November. The ceremony was over almost before it began. He had to hurry back to the bank immediately, but he allowed a few extra seconds to discuss their honeymoon plans with them. He was the only one who had been told where they were going and the name of the little fruit boat they were taking, and when they would arrive. They were going on a fruit boat because it was cheaper. It had a pretty name—*the* Manoa. Romantic.

He was the only one they had told. The only one who knew or probably would ever know, he thought. Certainly it wouldn't appear in the papers that Mr. and Mrs. Tad Brownlee had arrived. No; they'd be just another honeymoon couple.

Mr. Jansen was wrong.

Monday, December 8, their names appeared on the front page of every paper, in small print, under black headlines:

The fruit boat Manoa was sunk Sunday, December 7, docking at Pearl Harbor. . . . No survivors.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

MAN TO MAN

BY

GERALD McCANN



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES

★ CURTAILMENT of wool for civilian use is not as drastic as I thought it might be, and clothes rationing such as they have in England doesn't seem likely for a long time.

Nevertheless we should buy for wear and warmth rather than for style alone. (And hoarders should remember the moths.) Watch the labels so that you'll know what you are buying.

The Wool Products Labeling Act requires that wool garments must carry labels stating not only the percentage of wool in the fabric but also the types.

The terms "wool" or "all wool" mean "new" or "virgin" wool—wool that has never been made into cloth before.

"Reprocessed" wool has been woven or felted before, but *has not been worn*; it has been reclaimed from mill ends, tailors' scraps, etc.

"Reused" wool *has been worn*; it has been reclaimed from the rags collected and sorted by ragpickers.

Labels must declare the percentage of each type, as well as that of any other fiber in the mixture. "Ornamentation" (silk stripes, etc.) doesn't count if it is less than five per cent.

Since the present curtailment applies only to new wool, we are going to see more mixtures of used wool and of other fibers like cotton and synthetics.

Serviceable fabrics, particularly heavy ones such as overcoatings, often contain percentages of reprocessed and reused wool. We may be very thankful yet for the huge piles of scrap wool that have accumulated

since the Act put a premium, last summer, on cloth made from new wool.

But let's not kid ourselves. Cloth made from such mixtures is not as good—weave for weave and weight for weight—as that made from new wool, simply because the fibers have been so tortured that much of their natural resilient and thermostatic qualities has been destroyed.

When the percentage of reworked wool is high, a fabric like melton, in which the fibers have been fused by "felting," is usually a better buy than a loosely woven fabric like tweed.

However, the term all wool doesn't necessarily mean that a fabric will stand hard wear. And neither is price a sure guide. Luxury fabrics such as cashmere and vicuna are soft, light, warm, and very expensive, but the men who can afford them don't expect them to wear as well as a tough worsted, which is much less expensive.

Allowing for variations in each type, fabrics line up this way as to serviceability:

1. Worsteds, because of tightly twisted yarn, wears well, keeps its shape, holds a crease, survives many cleanings, shrinks less than softer fabrics. This is why the Army has ordered so much of it.

A disadvantage of hard-finished worsteds, particularly in plain navy blue, is a tendency to shine rather quickly. A pattern, however inconspicuous, makes this less obvious. Gray sharkskin, being a mixture of light and dark gray, doesn't show much shine; neither does tan gabardine.

Soft-finished worsteds have a nap that delays the appearance of shine.

2. Covert cloth, which is getting

more popular every year for suits and slacks as well as for topcoats, gives very good wear even when the warp is cotton, as in the less expensive grades.

Its close weave is a good protection against the wind and its soft surfaces make it warm.

3. Flannel made of soft woolen yarn has to be heavy to be durable; then it is also very warm. Flannel made with a worsted warp can be light in weight and still stand up, but we'll probably be seeing less of this. Plain gray, darker than medium—the smartest color for suits and slacks—is practical because it doesn't show every spot.

4. Cheviots are made of both woolen and worsted yarns. The latter are the more expensive and wear longer. Woven in a pattern such as herringbone, cheviot is equally appropriate in city or country—probably a reason why Englishmen, rationed as they are, often pick cheviot for the one suit that their coupons allow them.

In gray cheviots a stripe of blue prevents their looking dingy after you've worn them for a while. Browns with a grayish cast are most popular, perhaps because they are more generally becoming than those that have a cast of orange or red.

5. Tweed is often overrated as to its wearing qualities. Since tweed trousers bag at the knees and fray at the cuffs, especially when wet, a whole suit is less practical than a tweed jacket and flannel or covert slacks.

Don't practice the false economy of wearing the trousers of a flannel or covert suit as slacks. Trousers wear out first anyway, and you'll find it almost impossible to match a new pair to the coat.



The author and two of Duquesne's high scorers, Becker and Debnar.

SMART BASKETBALL *WILL WIN* EVERY TIME

BY CHARLES "CHICK" DAVIES

Basketball Coach, Duquesne University

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

★ IT was just an ordinary exhibition game the Original Celtics were playing in Chattanooga, Tennessee, that winter night in the early 1920s. Dutch Dehnert was getting settled near the basket when a teammate passed him the leather. Dutch then passed to Johnny Beckman. Johnny cut for the hoop with the pill. Big Dutch blocked Beck's man and, presto! the pivot play was born. Right then and there the Celtics unfolded the play that recorded their names in the annals of basketball with indelible ink.

I had just been appointed coach at Duquesne that year. Oh, yes, my salary was \$300 for the season. A twenty-three-year-old youth needed more than that to get along, so I worked as a steel puddler in a Homestead mill, played a good deal of professional ball on the side, and coached the small college five of the Hilltop in the afternoons.

When the Celtics came to Homestead the following fall for their conditioning period, a few of the boys bunked at my house, and as usual our nights were taken up with basketball talk. It was only natural that they would show me the perfected passing

game they had developed around the pivot man. It appeared to be all right but was out for my Duquesne boys. Our team was all set and there wasn't a ball mover of the Dehnert type on the first five.

We began our season with a speedy crew of veterans who could run around the court all night. They scooted through the first few games like a tornado. Every team was alike and fell victim by a large score. I was just getting ready to pat myself on the back when our fastest player and set shot Dick Schradling was injured. He would be out for a month. A month that was to see Duquesne play her biggest game to date, a contest with the Eastern champs, Penn State.

I tried every substitute and they just couldn't fill Schradling's shoes. As a last resort we placed a big burly boy, Jock Rosenberg, in the pivot hole and, miracle of miracles, he took to it like a duck to water! Jock was a natural ball handler and was built along the lines of Dutch Dehnert, so we had a miniature Celtic.

When Penn State came to Pittsburgh they first played Carnegie Tech, then the University of Pittsburgh, and finally the small Dukes. We were added to fill in the week-end trip. The

first two games were runaways for the upstaters. Both Tech and Pitt were snowed under by large margins. Little hope was held out for the boys from the little Catholic school.

The set-up was just right for my kids. They were eager to get started against State. A win would place our team on top in western Pennsylvania standings. Besides, few clubs were taking the Eastern champions into camp. Once play got under way it was a rout. The boys from State College saw the pivot for the first time in college basketball. They were at a loss how to cope with this tricky passing game. In and out went the ball. Rosey moved it to the side, the center, back to the side, over to the other side, and over his head to mates cutting for the hoop for lay-up shots. Duquesne had the ball so much that State tallied only 12 points while our boys stopped at 36.

The pivot play made a very successful college debut that night. With it came a new era in basketball. Coaches went in for a more skillful game of passing and playmaking. The hit-and-run style of the past went into the discard. Basketball became a game of brains. Both the offense and defense were altered and developed into clever instruments of the pastime. The short snappy passing-and-blocking game of the pivot introduced a "switching" game on defense.

Since I had so much success in my initial venture with the pivot style of play, I went along with it. My teams were never tall—I was lucky to get a six-footer once in a while—but they had to be alert and, most important, good passers. Smart players and good passers go hand in hand. If you have one you usually have the other.

Because basketball was so undeveloped and the wire services never carried much news about out-of-town teams, little was heard about outside teams. Fans learned about their hometown club and let it go at that. The one college five that seemed to be the exception was City College, coached by Nat Holman, the Celtic player. Under the tutelage of their brilliant leader the lavender team had forged to the front in the East and gained a reputation. We were fortunate to get on their schedule in 1928.

When my small squad stepped out on to the City College gym floor the night of the game, the home-coming crowd was in a bedlam. They had never heard of us and wanted to know where the "Doo-kwee-nee" team came from. Since Holman had decided to pass this contest up to watch his kid brother play for New York University that night, the tuxedo-wearing alumni crowd thought Duquesne was unfit for the slaughter they had come to see.

When the smoke of the fray had cleared, and it really was a battle, Duquesne came out on top 28-23. Nat Holman never missed a game after that. At least, not on purpose.

(Continued on page 48)

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS!

One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Scouting the crop before auctions open. Painted from life on a Southern farm by Georges Schreiber

WE PAID 34%* MORE IN MULLINS, S. C., TO GET THIS LIGHTER, NATURALLY MILDER LEAF

Down in Marion County, South Carolina, on a fertile sandy plain you'll find Mullins.

Mullins is a tobacco town—one of the scores and scores of Southern towns where Luckies buy tobacco.

In Mullins this season, the makers of Luckies paid 34% above the average market price to get the milder, better-tasting tobacco—yes, 34% more to bring you the finer, the lighter, the *naturally* milder tobaccos you enjoy in your Lucky Strike.

This was in no way unusual. Last season, in every one of 119 markets all through tobaccoland, we paid well above the average market price for tobacco—and the best we bought goes into Luckies.

To independent tobacco experts who know these facts, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. With these experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1. In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts!



* Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

THE BATTLE OF DETROIT

1,000 HORSES IN THE SKY

The saga of a machine—How one man's quest for power with wings has strengthened the U. S. A.

Scram, sons of Nippon! Here come our P-40s, sped by Allison liquid-cooled engines!



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, 2ND AIR
BASE SQUADRON PHOTO SECTION
CHGO AIR FORCE, U. S. ARMY,
MITCHEL FIELD, N. Y.

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ AN Airacobra is an airplane. It is also a bird that flies like a snake.

If you don't believe it, ask the Luft-waffe pilot who has seen one, but barely, climbing onto his tail.

A bird, because it flies at a speed that makes a Caribbean hurricane seem snail-like.

A snake, because it has the easy, sinuous maneuverability of a cobra.

All of which is most important in a pursuit plane. Preferably, too, it should be as hard to hit as a head-on needle, and the Airacobra is hardly wider than the shoulders of the man who drives it.

You may have read about the Airacobra in the dispatches from the front. You can be sure Hitler has! And if he ever exposes his "sacred" person, on those highly publicized visits to the field of action, to anything more airy than a bomb shelter, he has seen many Airacobras. For already these Flying Snakes are weaving their way through European skies—symbols of the kind of warfare a peaceful nation can wage, once it is aroused.

Perhaps you do not know, however, that this new, exclusively American air weapon exists largely be-

cause, a quarter of a century ago, a big-hearted American sportsman named Jim Allison started a modest little automobile repair shop just outside the Indianapolis Speedway.

To Jim Allison automobiling was a sport. He loved to travel around the country to county fairs and watch Barney Oldfield, Eddie Rickenbacker, and other daredevil drivers of the period fight it out.

Automobiling was also a business to Jim, since he and his partner, fabulous Carl Fisher of Miami Beach fame, owned Prest-O-Lite, without a tank of which tied to the running board no automobilist dared venture out at night. So no one was surprised when Jim and Carl built the now famous Indianapolis Speedway, and became, with a selected group of friends, sponsors for the annual 500-Mile International Sweepstakes Race.

Allison had met and learned to like a young racing-car driver named Johnny Aiken who was also an excellent mechanic. To give Johnny profitable employment between races and to provide a much needed service to other racing-car owners, Allison opened the tiny repair shop which has

since grown into the Allison Division of General Motors Corporation.

Until this country entered the first World War, the little repair shop continued to eke out a rather uncertain living reconditioning racing cars wrecked on the Speedway. Its reputation grew faster than its bank account.

Allison was a perfectionist. Not a practical mechanic or engineer himself, he insisted on employing only the highest type of mechanical equipment and engineering skill. The high quality of Allison workmanship became well known throughout the automobile industry. It was natural, therefore, that when the pressure of war work came, the industry's leading men should turn to Allison and Aiken and their head engineer, Norman Gilman, for development and experimental work on the Liberty motor for use in airplanes.

Jim Allison died in 1928. So did Johnny Aiken. Norman Gilman continued the business under the Allison name, but with the accent on airplanes. The company's experimental work on the Libertys during the war had been so satisfactory that it was commissioned, after the armistice, to

remodel and modernize more than 2,000 of them for the Air Corps and the new Transcontinental Airlines. Soon Gilman was making, on army and navy orders, various types of aviation engines of his own design in the 450-horsepower class, then believed the power peak for airplane motors.

Believed by most to be the peak—but not by Norman Gilman, whose experience had led him to envisage an aviation engine that would develop 1,000 horsepower!

With Jim Allison gone, Gilman was

"That's interesting," said Gilman. "May I ask whom you represent?"

"Certainly. I am Charles E. Wilson, vice-president of General Motors."

It is more than fitting that Mr. Wilson, who initiated and consummated the purchase of the little machine shop Jim Allison founded, should now be president of General Motors Corporation at a time when the Allison Division has become the cornerstone of the great G. M. defense structure.

In less than a year Norman Gil-

man that the seemingly impossible should be achieved. At length the objective was in sight. The Allison engine of which Gilman had dreamed stood before him, ready for submission to the grueling 150-hour U. S. army test.

Came a summer afternoon in 1936. Norman Gilman was sitting in his office in Indianapolis—the office of the little automobile repair shop—and he was feeling pretty good. For nearly six days his engine had been running continuously at Wright Field.

Presently the telephone rang and Ronald Hazen's voice relayed the good news. The Allison had already passed the 140-hour mark and was going strong. Norman Gilman reached for a sheet of notepaper he had ready on his desk. He had worked hard. He was getting past middle age. He had saved a little money. He was about to achieve his life's ambition. Why not? He wrote his resignation.

The telephone rang again. Ronald Hazen's voice. Going into the 141st hour of the 150-hour test, the cylinder head had cracked. Gilman reached once more for the sheet of paper and tore it into a thousand pieces.

There was work to be done—a year's work—trying to find out where the weakness was. And when they found it, what do you suppose it was? *The lack of two ounces of aluminum alloy at the right spot!*

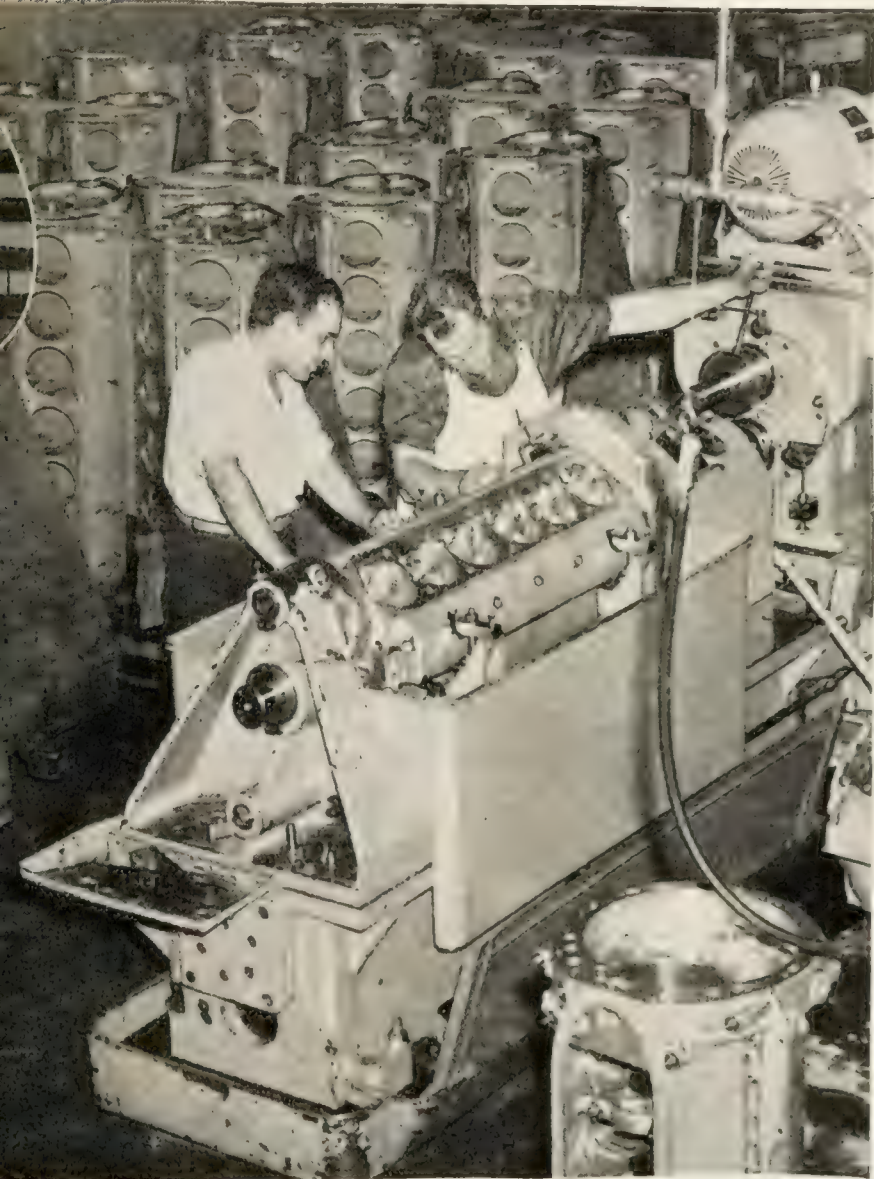
On April 23, 1937, after sixteen engines of ten different models had been designed, built, tested, and discarded, a finally perfected Allison V-1710, prototype of the present Allison engine which makes possible the Airacobra and many other fast-moving American planes, passed the U. S. army 150-hour test—the first 1,000-horsepower engine to do so.

This time Gilman did resign!

I have spoken before, in these reports from the defense front, of the little understood difference between all airplane engines and the automobile engine. To a layman, the superficial differences are more obvious in the radial air-cooled engine of the Pratt & Whitney type than in the Allison, which achieves its slim contour by sticking to the familiar V-type in-line model to which the automobile engine has accustomed us. I asked an upper-bracket G. M. man about this, and here is what he said:

"High horsepower must bulk small in airplane engines. The bigger the object, the more power it takes to push it through the air at high speed. The pursuit ship must have high speed. Sleek plane shape, sleek engine shape can both improve speed. This Allison engine has, when installed, less than 70 per cent of the frontal area of other American engines of the same horsepower. It was designed to be just big enough to seat a man behind it or in front of it. That is one reason why the Allison engine has raised the speed of one-man ships a minimum of forty miles an hour."

Except for the superficial resemblance in shape, the Allison is no more like the regular automobile engine than the Pratt & Whitney is.



Allison aviation engines are turned out in steady flow for Uncle Sam in the G. M. Allison Division plant. This photograph shows you a cylinder machining operation.

forced to put his dream aside for the time being. But one day in March, 1929, a distinguished-looking stranger walked in and asked if he might look around a bit. Gilman proudly showed him over the trig little plant. On leaving, the stranger expressed gratitude for the courtesy shown him, and remarked casually:

"We are thinking of buying this place."

man, retained as president, general manager, and chief engineer of the G. M.-backed Allison Engineering Company, was in full pursuit of his ideal—a 1,000-horsepower motor.

Gilman's problem was not an easy one. It took him seven years to solve it. But he and his associates, notably Ronald Hazen, who was later to become chief engineer of the whole Allison Division, were determined

The average motors under the hoods of our cars weigh about six pounds per horsepower. The Allison weighs less than one pound per horsepower. Why was it necessary to develop such a light engine?

"The average American pursuit ship," my upper-bracket man explained, "weighs about 7,000 pounds, completely equipped. This Allison engine at six pounds per horsepower would weigh 7,950 pounds. You can see that in designing an airplane engine with the automotive approach, we would not have anything left for wings, to say nothing of gas and guns and a guiding hand.

"So we pare down the weight not only to provide power but also to leave capacity for wings and pilot, and we divide the load capacity that is left between fighting range—gas capacity—and fighting power—guns and ammunition. Finally, by using the most effective fuel and mixture at the highest mean pressure, the result is a combination that will give the serv-

the first engine to be designed with its use in mind.

Ethylene glycol is readily available and comparatively cheap, and has a very high boiling point. Moreover, although it is hard for a layman to believe, it is thinner than water and flows faster. One third of a gallon of it will do the work that a gallon of water can't do.

Because of its lack of weight and bulk, the Allison engine has been eagerly welcomed by makers of one-man pursuit and interceptor planes, and has been chosen by the War Department to power the three fastest American fighting machines developed: the Curtiss P-40, the Lockheed P-38, and of course the Bell Airacobra.

All three have proved their value and their engines on the European front. Only the Airacobra, however, has so far taken advantage of all the advantages offered by the Allison type of airplane motor by placing it in the middle of the plane, in back of

in the long shaft needed. Some scientific reports were made that this vibration could not be removed, but the Allison engineers were sure it could be. Damaging vibration was tracked down to one spot—not in the long skinny shaft but in a part in the rear of the engine clear on the other side from the shaft. Tapping their accumulated knowledge of vibration control, the engineers applied a little gadget called a hydraulic damper, and the trouble was ended.

Jim Allison's first little repair shop still stands near the Speedway. Tripled by brick and steel additions, it is devoted exclusively to the manufacture of an improved type of bearing, an invention of Norman Gilman which for years was his "meal ticket" that made possible his nonprofit experimental work. The continuation of that work has long since been transferred to a modern plant near by.

When the first War Department order for more than one or two engines arrived in 1939, this second plant was enlarged; but upon the receipt of the first mass-production order, its increased capacity was found inadequate. It reverted to experimental and training activities, and work on the present giant structure, known as Plant 3, was begun.

The new plant is a one-story building of ferro-brick, windowless, completely air-conditioned. It is lighted by "daylight" fluorescent tubing. Originally it was designed to cover eight acres; then it was enlarged to cover twenty-one. This gave Allison 1,000,000 square feet of floor space, to which 250,000 have been added. Employment has risen from 400 to 12,000.

And that is only part of the Allison story. That huge plant is largely for machining and assembly only. Only 20 per cent of the parts are completely manufactured at Allison. The remainder of the 7,000 parts of which each engine is made arrive either in a semi-finished state ready for machining or—as in the case of those received from the great Cadillac factory in Detroit and the Delco-Remy ones at Anderson—in completely finished state, ready for assembly. Plants in seventy cities throughout the East and Middle West contribute.

Responsibility for the finished product, however, hangs heavily around the shoulders of General Manager F. C. Kroeger, the General Motors vice-president charged with the assembly of all these intricate parts. At Allison more parts are made to fit to closest limits than in any other American engine of any kind.

Because of all this, inspection at Allison becomes as important as actual production. Out of every ten men in the plant, two are inspectors. When the completed engine leaves the plant it has passed successfully 70,000 inspection hurdles.

Altogether, these 12,000 precision workers at Allison are working a modern miracle—a miracle made possible by tons of Yankee ingenuity and two ounces of aluminum alloy!

THE END



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, 2ND AIR BASE SQUADRON PHOTO SECTION GHQ AIR FORCE, U. S. ARMY, MITCHEL FIELD, N. Y.

A P-40 formation on its way to intercept an enemy bombing mission off our shores.

ice called for with adequate durability."

The big Pratt & Whitney radial motors, which we saw being manufactured at Ford and in the original Buick plant at Flint, are air-cooled. The Allison is liquid-cooled. Until its creation, American aviation engineering leaned heavily toward the air-cooled type, and still does for the heavy bombers of the B-24 description. The liquid-cooled engine, however, has several advantages for pursuit planes, since it does not need to be in the front of the plane.

The problem was to find a liquid with a sufficiently high boiling point to insure a cool motor at all possible speeds and all probable altitudes. Water boils far too quickly to be of service in cooling an engine which has to go into high altitude.

Allison solved this problem by using ethylene glycol, which is the base of Prestone, a widely used antifreeze for automobiles. Other manufacturers of liquid-cooled engines had experimented with it, but the Allison was

the "driver." The change of position has two obvious advantages. Without the engine in the "beak" of the plane, it is possible to streamline that "beak." Also it is possible to install, right up front where it will do the most good, a rapid-fire cannon whose barrel protrudes through the hollowed-out hub of the ship's propeller. These tremendous improvements in fighting power would have been impossible except for the Allison engine.

Even more important for a pursuit or interceptor plane is the increased ease of maneuvering gained by moving the weight of the engine from the front end to the center, where it acts as a sort of pivot. Thus, thanks to Allison engineering, the plane can turn left or right, up or down, with less effort and more speed than any other man-made flying thing.

Airplane manufacturers had long toyed with the idea of getting the engine out of the front of the ship. The British, some years ago, built planes embodying the idea, but had to junk them because of excessive vibration



Two people sleep when one goes Pullman

DICK HILL's lighted Pullman speeds swiftly through the night.

Snow whispers at the windows, tugs at the vestibules, swirls and eddies in the glow of the lights—silently mounts in feathery drifts over a hushed landscape.

In the warm cheer of the Lounge car, Dick Hill puts out his cigarette. He closes his book, says good night to the couple across the aisle, strolls slowly through the train to his berth. Toilet kit and dressing

gown in hand, he enters the spacious dressing room—scrubs up for the night with piping-hot water and plenty of clean, white towels.

He says good night to the smiling porter and goes to his berth—hangs up his clothes, fastens his curtains, turns in between crispy-clean sheets in a bed as soft as his own at home.

A last, lingering look at the rush of snow past the window—a flick of the switch on the reading lights, a satisfying punch at

the two fluffy pillows—then the last, shivery little snuggle before warm, dreamless sleep. Dick Hill *likes* Pullman travel. Tomorrow morning he'll be where he *expects* to be.

But he's not the only one who's sleeping because of that snug, cozy Pullman berth.

• • •

A hundred miles away, Dick Hill's wife puts away her knitting, shuts Spot in the kitchen, opens the front door and looks out.

The snow is deeper, here—falling faster, from a sky that looks black and angry. A car inches its way along the street, plowing white furrows with its wheels.

Dick Hill's wife smiles a little, puts out the porch light, locks the door, turns on the stairs. She looks in on the children in *bedrooms* and goes to bed. Ten minutes later, she's fast asleep—with the same dreamy little smile playing around her lips.

Dick's not and isn't in a Pullman berth, is he?



For comfort, safety and dependability - *GO PULLMAN*

BLOW THE MAN DOWN!

**Wars come, navies must fight—But what chance
has any sailor when a beauty makes up her mind?**

BY GENE MARKEY

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Don't never take heed of what pretty
girls say—
Oh! Give me some time to blow the
man down!

Old Chantey

★ I KNEW he was a stranger in Panama because he was wearing a Panama hat. In Panama no civilians wear hats except the silver people.

He was standing on the steps of the Tivoli having the usual argument with a Trinidad taxi driver. His leather luggage—"Ensign O. H. P. Killock, USNR" stamped on each piece—looked new. Obviously he had just landed from the States. He was a well built, well scrubbed young man and he had an air of authority. I watched as he cut short the taxi argument, paid the driver what he deserved, and ordered the Jamaican porter to take his luggage into the hotel.

Twenty minutes later Ensign Killock appeared in whites. It was a well cut uniform and he wore it smartly. I surmised he was on his way to report, so I offered to drive him over. At first he was somewhat aloof, possibly judging me by my eight-dollar seersucker suit; but when he found I was in the navy he warmed up. As we drove through the winding Balboa streets lined with Canal Zone employees' quarters on stilts, he perspired and answered my queries about himself.

I don't think I ever met any one more navy. His grandfather had been an admiral in the days of the White Squadron. His father, a lieutenant

junior grade, had died when his destroyer was torpedoed off Gibraltar in 1917, a month before Oliver Hazard Perry Killock's birth. Young O. H. P. himself had bilged out of Annapolis. Mathematics. The tragedy of his life, he told me gravely. Then the Emergency had given him his chance and he had won a commission with the first class from the training ship *Prairie State*. He had had a thirty-day cruise in an old four-piper, but you would have thought he had been at sea for years. His conversation was a glossary of naval terms.

At District Headquarters Ensign Killock created a favorable impression. That wise man, the chief of staff, said he had intelligence and good manners and should with experience make an able officer. They assigned him to inshore patrol, and he attacked his job with grim seriousness.

Off duty he could usually be found in a corner of the Tivoli's open bar—the coolest spot in the Zone—sipping a lemonade and studying Knight's *Modern Seamanship*. While other junior officers were dancing with pretty girls on the Union Club terrace, he worked on his Communications course. He told somebody he hadn't time for romance; his job was the defense of the Panama Canal. Women were, he felt, a hindrance to naval efficiency, afloat or ashore. He had not entirely converted his brother officers to this Spartan theory when a surprising event took place.

The third day after his arrival Pan American phoned that a package for him was coming in on the strato-clipper and he must be there to receive it. When Ensign Killock reached

Albrook Field he saw a group of bright-eyed young men waiting for the plane, two of them with cameras, but he did not suspect that they were the Panama correspondents. I heard the story from Ned Harkness, one of the wire-service men.

The big silver strato-clipper rolled to a stop, the passenger ladder was wheeled into place, the door opened—and out stepped Baby Ormond. Now, Baby Ormond would have been something to look at in *any* country, but in the Canal Zone she was an international incident. Though Baby is strictly café society, she is a name in the news, and as she stood poised on the top step—vividly beautiful—the newspaper boys closed in, bringing cameras to bear. But Baby had discovered Ensign Killock, and with a squeal of delight she flew toward him. He was in whites, having just come



ILLUSTRATOR DINK SIEGEL

from an official call on the commandant, and he appeared dignified, if somewhat startled.

"Pudding!" Baby Ormond flung her arms around him and kissed him rapturously, while the camera bulbs flashed. "You look heavenly in that uniform!" She kissed him again. "Don't tell me this wasn't a surprise!"

It was apparently such a surprise that Ensign Killock could find no words. He stooped to pick up his hat, which had been knocked off, and the

lipstick smeared upon him was no redder than his blush.

Baby turned to the gentlemen of the press. "Isn't he beautiful?"

"Is it a romance?" one asked.

Baby flashed her famous smile. "D'you think I came down to this tropic paradise to chase butterflies?"

★ IN Panama the morning paper is printed in Spanish on one side and English on the other. Baby Ormond's story made both sides.

"But it sounds better in Spanish," she told me. She was sitting on the hotel veranda. Perry had the duty that day, at the Rock.

He was upset, she said, over the newspaper photograph of him in the act of picking his cap up off the ground. "Perry seems awfully fussy about those little things. He must be taking this navy the hard way." Her green eyes were puzzled. "To hear him you'd think it's as important to have your hat on as your trousers!"



"Pudding!" Baby Ormond flung her arms around him, while camera bulbs flashed "You look heavenly in that uniform!"

I explained this and that about navy customs.

"Crymony," Baby interrupted—it was her favorite oath—"don't misunderstand. I *adore* the navy! I can't think of anything I'd rather be than a navy man's wife."

I looked at her.

"All right, so you *know*," she said defiantly. "I'm overboard—I admit it."

Her name wasn't really Baby; it was Aurelia. But, as she said herself, no one can go around with a name like Aurelia unless she's a lady violinist or somebody's aunt. Her father called her Baby. He was very rich—and very busy. She had no mother, and at seventeen she had started running around without a chaperon. That was when I met her.

It was the most written about debut of the season. She simply decided, one night, to be a debutante—so she bought champagne for everybody in the Stork Club. The news flashed around town, and candid-camera men came running from as far as Jersey City to drink her champagne and snap thousands of pictures of her that were printed everywhere in the civilized world—and also in Germany.

Back in New York, people believed Baby could marry anybody she wanted to. A dozen men—some with money, some with talent, some with both—had courted her, but she would have none of them. She lived for gaiety. And she loved money, as she said, only because it helped to *make* things gay. Now here she was in Panama, shamelessly pursuing a reserve ensign who had nothing but his pay and a good set of teeth. I would have put it down to one of Baby's whims if, at the moment we walked into the hotel, a piano hadn't struck up the Wedding March. Every other day somebody gets married in the Tivoli ballroom.

★ AT the door, Baby glanced in. I thought she looked wistful. "Yes," she said. "I'm going to be Mrs. Ensign Killock! I'll tell you," she added, "why I want to get married. Look. I've been bouncing around, all over the place, for three years. I'm twenty-one, but I'm lots older, really. Sometimes I feel a hundred and eight. And this is the thing: I *get lonesome*. Not just once in a while—this lonesomeness never quite goes away." Her green eyes were troubled. "What I mean is, *everybody* needs *somebody*. You've got to have that *one* person to think about and worry about and care about. And I haven't anybody. Dad doesn't need me. Oh, he's sweet, but he has his own life. . . . I don't want to sound like the sorry-for-myself department, but I've never *had* anybody close to me except a governess—and then a personal maid. Today the whole world's got a headache, and nobody knows what's ahead. Unless a person has somebody to hang on to—somebody to live for—life isn't going to mean much these next few years."

"And so," I said, "you wish to share

the uncertainties of the future with Ensign Killock."

"He's the one," said Baby. "You can't explain those things. He just is. I met him a year ago at Coronado, and I've never been able to get him out of my mind."

I asked her when the happy event was to be.

"Oh—he hasn't asked me yet." She smiled brightly. "But he *will*!"

★ BEFORE she had been twenty-four hours in the Zone, Baby Ormond stirred up a hurricane of gossip. Every one knew she had come for the express purpose of marrying Ensign Killock. The only person who didn't know it was Ensign Killock; she had apparently discussed it with everybody else. One of the nice old ladies at the Tivoli, more out of amusement than malice, named her the Extra Special Extravert.

When you first arrive here they try to trip you up by asking you how you like the Canal Zone. If you say you don't like it they are annoyed, and if you say you do like it they know you are lying. But Baby was ready for them.

"I'm going to simply adore it here," she told the colonel's wife who had asked her. "The sunsets are divine and I can't wait to have my picture taken under an *ilang-ilang* tree! Naturally, I have a weakness for the navy, but your army men *do* look chic in those helmets, and they all have such angelic flat hips. I think Panama is just as 'foreign' as Singapore. There's no place in the *world*," she bubbled, "more heavenly than the terrace of the Union Club—under those stars. Of course, I've gotten so I pay no attention when the train goes by under my window at 4 A. M. Because I'd rather be waked up at 6 A. M. by the wild parakeets. *That's* something to write home about—being waked up by wild parakeets!"

Baby talked animatedly, gesturing with her graceful hands. "There's no reason ever to be bored here—the insect life is so fascinating. Then there's the dry-cleaning situation. That's very *sporting*, really: you have such fun making bets on what your clothes will look like when they get back! But the nights are cool. And rum-gum-and-lime is *the* most delicious drink in the world. Yes, I'm going to simply adore it here."

The colonel's lady was somewhat dazed, but she bore up bravely, as a soldier's wife should. After that nobody asked Baby what she thought of the Canal Zone.

It wasn't surprising that Ensign Killock should suddenly have become popular with his brother officers. Even crusty captains took to noticing him when Baby was with him. While she danced with other men Perry used to sit watching her, and I could never tell what he was thinking. I could, however, tell what the other men were thinking. And I know what I was thinking: that if Perry didn't march her up an aisle he was crazy. But he made no move. After

two weeks I asked Baby what was happening to the matrimonial campaign.

"I guess it's just bogged down." She smiled wryly. "Should I be chagrined? Maybe the power of suggestion—"

It was up to somebody to help her out. One night, when the three of us were dining at El Rancho, I mentioned that the mortality rate among bachelors in the tropics was very high. "Statistics," I said, "prove that married men have a better chance to survive."

"It's a question of vitamins." Baby winked at me. "Take junior officers, for example. They're so busy rushing around they never remember to take their vitamin pills. That's where a wife comes in."

Perry replied gravely that an ensign has no business getting married, as the navy occupies all his time. "The sword," he quoted, "is a jealous mistress."

"But they don't *wear* swords any more," said Baby. "And I'm talking about a *wife*."

★ HE argued that the pay isn't sufficient to support a wife.

"That's a lot of *pouf*," Baby said. "Plenty of ensigns' wives are raising squads of *children* on their pay."

"But they do their own cooking—"

"As long," said Baby, "as soup still comes in cans—with all those delicious flavors—nobody need starve." She glanced at me archly. "Did I ever tell you that I whip up a very tasty crêpe Suzette?"

Perry was mopping his brow and looking at his watch. He said he would be late for his class in naval law and excused himself.

"Crymony!" exclaimed Baby as he hurried off. "Is it going to take an order from the Bureau of Navigation to make me a bride?"

But still nothing happened. October was passing. It rained every day and twice a day on Sundays and holidays. Baby's friends were doing everything they could to put Perry Killock in a romantic mood. Nancy and Bill Marstowe gave cozy little dinners at their quarters to show what domestic life in the Zone *could* be.

But somehow Perry didn't take the hint. He spent more evenings with The Bluejacket's Manual than he spent with Baby, and his reticence caused much comment on the station. The betting was that Ensign Killock would never be taken alive.

On Navy Day, Baby proposed to him. It was at the officers' dinner dance, and at least a dozen people heard her.

"Pudding," she said, "if you aren't doing anything Saturday afternoon, will you marry me?"

They all laughed, and somebody asked if congratulations were in order.

"Baby's joking," Perry muttered, in an agony of embarrassment.

"I *couldn't* be more serious," Baby told him.

A waggish character wanted to
(Continued on page 40)

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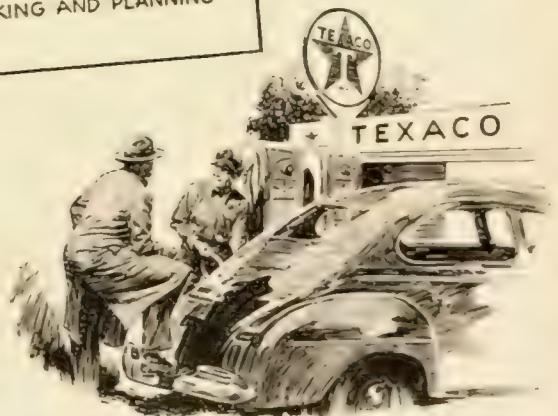


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(from a letter by L. A. S., Baltimore, Md.)



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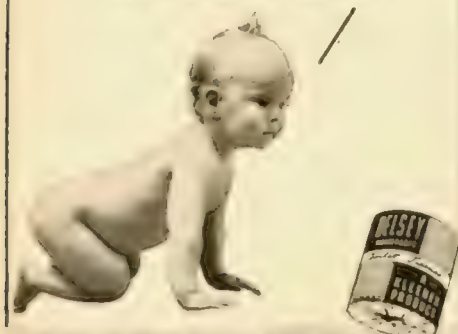
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... BY USING KLEENEX TO REMOVE CREAM AND MAKE-UP. ITS SOFT, VELVETY SMOOTHNESS IS A PLEASURE ON MY DELICATE SKIN!

(from a letter by M. S. D., Kokomo, Ind.)



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soft like Kleenex Tissues double-ply for extra strength

3 ROLLS FOR 25¢ - 12 ROLLS FOR 97¢

(★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

(Continued from page 38)

know who was going to give the groom away, and the cruiser's band began one of those seagoing waltzes and people got up to dance. When they came back to the table, Perry and Baby had left.

Somebody reported that they were having a terrific row as they said good night at the elevator.

"You can't do things like that in the navy!" Perry told her wrathfully. "Suppose the admiral had heard you! I'm a naval officer—I've got a certain dignity to uphold—"

"You're certainly upholding it. You're acting like a stuffed trout!"

"This is a national emergency! How could people have any respect for an officer called Pudding?"

"All right!" Baby was furious now. "All right, my barnacle-encrusted friend—pretend I didn't say it! Pretend I never met you!"

With that she slammed the elevator door in his face.

★ THEY were not seen together again. I rather expected Baby to take the plane for home, but she stayed on at the Tivoli. And then the Dynamite Man arrived.

He was a bachelor in his late thirties, name of Brae—though everybody called him the Dynamite Man. He was *persona grata* in all the hotels and clubs in Central and South America, where he did a thriving business in powder and munitions, and men—and women too—found him agreeable company. He was big and sunburnt and hearty, and he had one outstanding characteristic: when he was in the bar nobody else could take the chit.

From the moment he met Baby Ormond the Dynamite Man became her slave. Baby liked him because he was gay. He gave a party every night, and they danced a great deal together and laughed a great deal together, and it looked as if she had recovered from Perry.

The Dynamite Man loved deep-sea fishing, and when he found that Baby had landed the biggest sailfish in the women's competition at Cat Bay the year before, he chartered a fine fishing boat. After that they went each weekend to the Perlas Islands—always chaperoned by a navy couple, for the Dynamite Man had many friends in the service—and once Baby caught a five-hundred-pound marlin.

One day I saw Perry at the Mine Dock, and it seemed to me that he looked haggard. He expected to be leaving in a couple of weeks, he said. He had requested sea duty in one of the destroyer divisions.

I could tell from his eyes that he was in love with Baby, but he didn't know what to do about it. He was very young, and he had some sort of misplaced pride.

That evening I called Baby's room at the hotel. I tried to sound casual as I asked her if she knew he was shoving off next week for duty on a destroyer. Baby was glad to hear it, she told me, and she hoped he would get plenty of sea air.

That, apparently, was that. I could do nothing more. But looking back on events, I believe my telephone call was responsible for the scandal that broke the following week-end.

Baby had gone to the Perlas Islands, fishing, with the Dynamite Man and Ensign and Mrs. Rigo. But on Sunday afternoon the rest of the party returned, leaving Baby over there. She wanted to go after another fish, they said, and the skipper and the crew would look after her.

Perry had the duty at the Rock, which is one of the fortified islands dominating the harbor entrance. After a brilliant sunset and a rain squall, night came down very black. Perry was on the bridge, when one of the signalmen exclaimed: "Who's that?"

Far below in the harbor a pin point of light was blinking. "They're calling you, sir," said the signalman.

Perry stared. The blinker tube was signaling him. P-e-r-r-y the dots and dashes spelled. It couldn't be the patrol ship, this far in. Perhaps the port captain's launch . . .

One signalman was focusing the big scope while the other made ready to take down the message.

"What the hell!" Perry gasped. For now the blinker tube signaled D-a-r-l-i-n-g.

In his confusion he lost track of the dots and dashes. Then by the dim blue light on the bridge he saw that both signalmen were grinning at him. One of them handed him the message:

Perry darling x Are you a man or are you a mouse x Even if you are a mouse I think mice are adorable x I've missed you simply horribly and I don't care who knows it x Your Baby

"Shall I ask 'em to repeat it, sir?" asked the signalman.

"For heaven's sake," Perry choked, "no!"

Below in the harbor things were happening. A searchlight whipped across the dark water, and suddenly the patch of bright greenish glare rested on a small fishing cruiser hove to in the restricted area.

The man at the scope said eagerly, "There's a lady in a white dress—"

"I know," muttered Perry.

By this time searchlights were lashing across the harbor from all directions, and as Perry watched, appalled, a Higgins boat slid alongside the little fishing cruiser. Then a patrol ship appeared out of the darkness.

"They're arresting her," said the signalman, very matter-of-fact.

★ THE arrest of Baby Ormond shook the Canal Zone. And the Canal Zone shook with laughter. They took Baby to the port captain, and the port captain—who knew her—admonished her that the restricted area was no place for love, and let her go. Perry didn't get off so easily. But even the official reprimand was less painful than the unofficial ribbing.

The trouble was simply that Baby possessed an overabundance of animal spirits and hadn't given a thought to

consequences. As for Perry, he was by nature shy and Baby's flamboyant courtship had brought him much embarrassment. This episode at the Rock was the last straw. He had been publicly humiliated, he told me, and his professional reputation jeopardized. So far as he was concerned, the romance had ended.

I accused him of being in love with her, regardless. He denied it so indignantly, that I knew it was true.

Baby tried to get in touch with him, but he was out on the station ship. She wrote him a very sweet note saying she was sorry—and good-by, and booked a seat on the Friday Clipper for Miami.

This was the finish. So far as I could see, nothing would bring them together—unless possibly what Hollywood calls a cataclysm of nature.

Thursday afternoon I went swimming at Amador. The sun was pleasant, and out beyond the shark net a southeast trade wind ruffled the blue Pacific. On the beach were the usual assortment of army and navy, not to mention a few marines, and Baby Ormond and the Dynamite Man were swimming in from the raft. As they came out of the water, the Dynamite Man, smiling possessively, stopped and spoke to me. But Baby didn't see me—she was staring over my shoulder. I turned. Perry had just walked out of the bathhouse. Everybody was watching as they came face to face.

"Well, if it isn't the admiral!" said the Dynamite Man. He thought it was

funny to call an ensign an admiral. "Hello," said Baby in a strained voice.

Perry said hello, looking embarrassed.

For an awkward instant nobody said anything. Then abruptly Baby turned and walked away.

We stood looking after her. She had on a white bathing suit, and her body was the kind you see on posters advertising soft drinks. We watched her walk across the sand and crawl up on the jagged rocks of the causeway. That was where the shark net ended. She climbed up to the highest rock, then turned.

"Come on," she called to the Dynamite Man. "I'll race you across—outside the shark net!"

We thought she was joking. Nobody had ever been insane enough to swim outside the net. There were twenty-foot spotted sharks in the harbor.

"Are you coming?" Baby called. Before any one realized what was happening, she had dived.

A woman screamed. The Dynamite Man stood there, looking sick. Then I saw Perry racing across the beach.

Baby was in the water. Perry scrambled up on the rocks of the causeway, calling to her to come back. She waved to him, then struck out for the opposite side. The life guards were rowing in from the raft, but they would not make it in time. Suddenly Perry dived and started swimming after her, his arms flashing in a fast crawl.

Several people shouted as we saw the shark. The fin was cutting the water a few yards from Baby. Now, there are those who say that a shark will not attack a human being. But every one knows that a barracuda will. I don't know if it was a shark or a barracuda, but there was Baby swimming—and Perry after her—and that dark fin circling closer. It was a good eighth of a mile to the other side and hard going, in that chop. Baby appeared to be slowing down. Suddenly the shark fin disappeared.

We were badly frightened people huddled there on the beach, watching. At any second we expected to see Baby dragged under. And then it was all over. Baby had reached the shore and staggered out of the water. A minute later Perry followed. Baby swayed uncertainly, as if she had no strength left, and collapsed in Perry's arms.

The cataclysm of nature had happened.

★ I DROVE them to the hotel. They were in the back seat, but I couldn't avoid hearing their conversation.

"You're a fool," Perry said. There was more fatigue than anger in his voice.

Baby's voice sounded as if her face were against his shoulder. "Of course I am," she said. "But, darling, you're so wise you need a fool—for balance!"

I knew he wouldn't have an answer for that. I turned on the radio.

THE END

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No ifs or ands or buts—

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PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS:

People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles about them and by them in *Liberty*.

STALIN: DEVIL OR GENIUS? Continued from Page 24

than the United States, for it produces even rubber of a kind and nickel. Water power and all the other prerequisites for electrification also abounded. To transform these natural treasures into mines and steel mills, to create factories which should serve the purpose of war first and the purposes of peace afterward, would have needed a century in a less scientific age. Not more than a decade was available.

But at the same time the Russians had to carry out the electrification and mechanization of the farms. It could all be done only by the ap-

FORCE, ENTHUSIASM NECESSARY WEAPONS

plication of two methods: compulsion where the peasants were concerned, the awakening of enthusiasm where the workers were concerned. The poor or middle-class peasant dreaded collective enterprise. Was Stalin now going to return to the state what he had finally taken from the landlords after three hundred years of slavery? The people were not yet ripe enough to accept the idea of great state farms as the norm, nor was the system sufficiently provided with machines. The peasant distrusted the new form which, he believed, would depress him once more to the level of a day laborer. Even if he not been, like all peasants everywhere, a conservative, he must still have risen against experiments which he did not understand.

Stalin needed another five years in order to win the confidence of the farmers. This is reflected in the statistics of the increasing millions of collective peasant farms and in the declining numbers of those peasants who died through hunger or rebellion; we see it also in the interminable debates.

It has been suggested that it is the mechanization of mankind as a whole, with its increased productivity, and not the new system, which must take the credit. The fact is, indeed, that ever since Mussolini it has become a device of the dictators to celebrate the opening of every bridge and every railroad station as a stupefying proof of their creative genius. The Russians, too, have known how to exploit every opportunity of this kind. For all that, the difference is fundamental. A ship or a road dedicated by Hitler is proclaimed by his Storm Troops and by his newspapers as a demonstration of the superiority of the master race. There are a million Hitler youths who swallow this in a spirit of complete faith. In Russia the completion of such a work becomes a national event.

André Gide, the Frenchman, has held up the young people of Russia to universal ridicule because they always ask: "Have you got anything like this in the west?" When I traveled through Russia, ten years before Gide, I happened to be on the shore of the Black Sea, and suggested to my guide, a Russian student, that we go bathing.

We looked for a spot to leave our clothes. Suddenly the young man saw on the strand a little boat flying the Soviet flag. "Look, there's our boat!" he cried, and sprang into it. In that word "our" was revealed the sense of the state in every citizen, the equivalent of the French king's dictum, "I am the State!" Later on I found in the factories this naïve freshness, this glowing joy in everything that the state—that is, "ourselves"—was accomplishing. Here, as in Germany, the state is lifted to a dangerous level of adoration, the individual is repressed to a frightful degree. It is numbers that rule, and an entire generation is dissolved in the structure of the state.

But whereas in Germany this idol becomes, under Hitler, a gigantic instrument of domination, in Russia it has become the protection of the masses. In Germany it is feared; in Russia it is now loved as something like a Christmas tree which every one wants to adorn with something.

When the Soviets tried to do away with God, they could find no better substitute than the new state, which became the focus of all the emotions of the youth. The secret of the resistance of the Russian army—that is, of the Russian people—lies in this love for the young state which has been turned over to it, and for the soil which has been turned over to it. Formerly, as the slaves of a ruling caste, the Russians lost three wars in a row. Today they are so young that by comparison with them the United States seems old; they are the youngest nation in the world. This is the achievement of the colonization with which the name of Stalin is associated.

The entire life of the nation was literally absorbed by the two Five-Year Plans. No friendship was formed, no marriage consummated, no child born, no work planned without previous consideration whether this would in the tiniest way serve the new reconstruction. The knowledge that now, for the first time, the profit would go not to individuals but to the entire group, the newness of the experiment, fill all the youth and most of the older people with a pride which finds direct expression in production figures. The privations which were imposed on every one had a stimulating effect, just as they have had in blockaded England. Russia, too, felt itself to be a gigantic fortress which had to arm and defend itself against a threatening enemy, the capitalist system. To be sure, the enemy did not yet rain bombs from the sky, but he bombarded it with an unceasing barrage of derisive or contemptuous articles and books. The effect was to spur the embattled youth on to new achievements.

In this state there developed a sporting impulse which took on a religious aspect. The will of some thousands of

workers in one factory to surpass the production of their comrades in another was whipped on by Stalin through the most ingenious devices. The first Five-Year Plan was completed in four and a quarter years; the greatest dams in the world transformed the Russian rivers into sources of power; great stretches of Russia were electrified. The factories began to spew forth cannons and tractors for war and peace.

The second Five-Year Plan began to vitalize the remote centers, the Urals and Siberia. Machines were built for transportation, light, chemistry, agriculture; new areas were developed for oil, coal, and metals. If the machines for the first Five-Year Plan cost 25 billion rubles, the sum set aside for the same purpose in the second plan amounted to 69.5 billions. Of this total, 53.4 billions were devoted exclusively to heavy industry, while there was a fivefold increase over the first plan in regard to light and food.

The young Russians of both sexes followed these figures with the breathless interest which we associate with a football match, but the remarkable thing was that every one was a player. It is for this reason that in Russia nothing is more passionately idolized than knowledge and science as the foundation of the new technical state. If in the French Revolution a young actress was paraded and worshipped as the Goddess of Reason, the Russians might have done likewise, but they would have called her the Goddess of Science.

In 1913, under the Czar, the statistics issued in his name showed that 79 per cent of the Russian population could neither read nor write.

LITERACY CAME WITH THE NEW RUSSIA

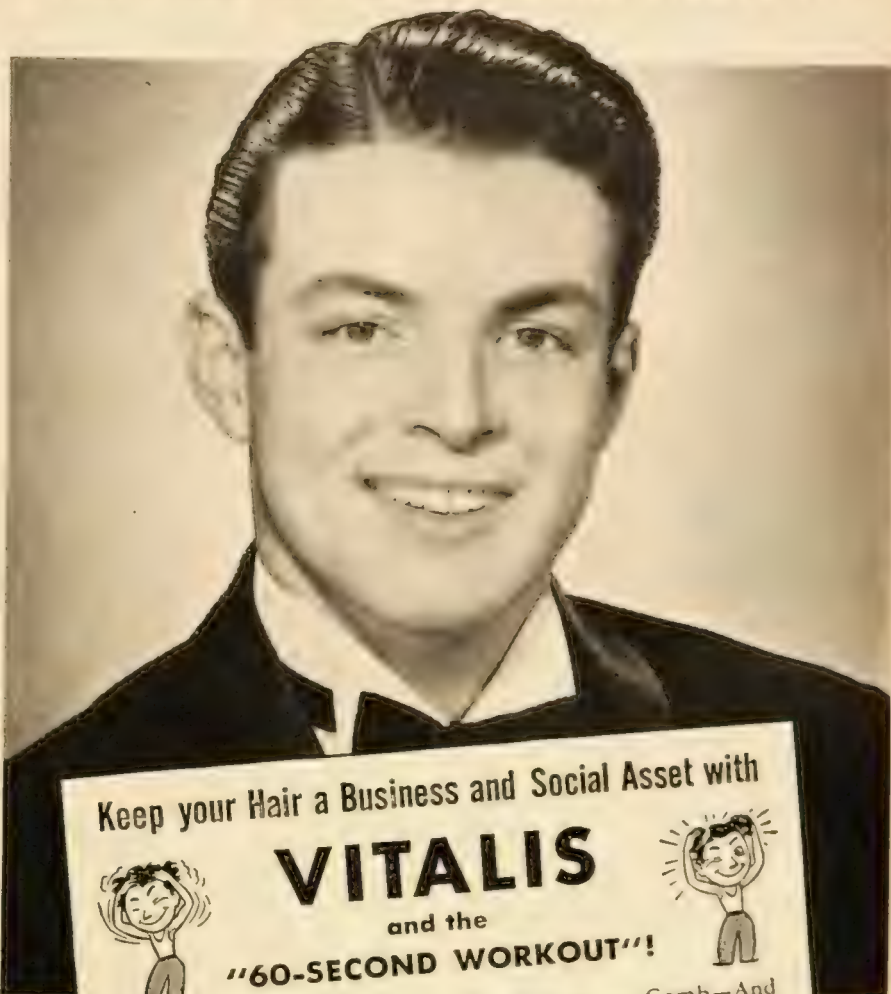
In 1937 the percentage in the whole Soviet Union was ten. Included were some dozen "wild" peoples among whom—for example, the Circassians—illiteracy had stood at 94 per cent. Instead of the 8,000,000 children who attended school under the Czar, there were now 28,000,000. Instead of 20,000 doctors, there were now 100,000. If we put aside the figures for the new roads, railroads, ships, and tractors, if we forget the fifty new big cities, there still remain the statistics for health and education with which no Fascist or Nazi statistics can even begin to compare, because Fascists and Nazis started out with a high culture.

It is part of the record of human history that in Russia today, after the completion of both plans, books appear in seventy languages, of which twenty were until now only spoken languages without an alphabet. The number of children in the high schools has grown from 600,000 to 6,000,000; instead of 130,000,000, 458,000,000 books are printed annually; the number of books in the public libraries has increased from 8,000,000 to 105,000,000.

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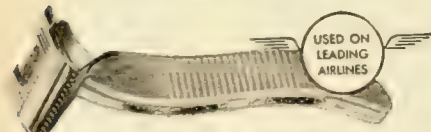
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man life have risen in formerly half-barbarian Russia to the same extent that they have, during the same period, sunk in Germany, the land of the spirit and of music. While Hitler methodically dismantled the educational system in order to transfer the youth to the drill ground, while hundreds of German schools had to close, in Russia under Stalin the very towers began to spread knowledge, for they were fitted with loud-speakers. In Germany, before the outbreak of the war, Hitler permitted 60,000 young people to attend the institutions of higher learning; in Russia, Stalin gave permission to 600,000. Hitler drove distinguished scholars out of the country because their fathers had inherited a religion different from the one which he himself does not even believe in. Stalin invited these scholars to his country and gave them important tasks and high salaries. When we consider the care of the aged in Russia we need only set by its side the answer which a Berlin doctor gave over the telephone to a friend of mine who called for help. He asked how old the patient was, then said: "Seventy! It's no longer worth while! I'm not coming!"

The enthusiasm of the Russian workers found its symbol in Stakhanov. Here was a young miner of the Donets basin who had found

a method of turning out, with the help of a pneumatic pick and two timbermen, 102 tons of coal in the six-hour shift of which the regular production had been seven tons. The recognition and application of this discovery followed so swiftly that, overnight, he became a national hero. At the Stakhanov Congress, held only three months later in the Kremlin, he gave this report on himself:

"When I read Comrade Stalin's speech of last May in the Military Academy, and came to the part where he said that in the hands of experts machines could perform miracles, I undertook to increase our production. Now it is a question of installing this system everywhere."

A girl worker in a textile factory reported at the same Congress: "My sister and I went to the manager and said that we wanted to work 100 looms. He gave us ninety-four. Dusya and I were disappointed and insisted on a hundred. When we heard that another weaver was handling 140 looms, we determined to bring the number up to 144. Now we even have plenty of leisure on top of the work. But if some one else goes as high as 144 we're going to raise it to 150, and we shan't let any one else hold the record, if we have to go up to 200."

Immediately before the outbreak of the war the average daily production of the Russian worker was three times what it had been twenty-five years before. Only part of this increase should be credited to the machines; the other part is due to the increased readiness of liberated men to deliver

work; and this is the most important factor of all.

When the entire people was called upon to starve so that it might, in the course of a few years, lay the foundations of colonization, there were thousands, perhaps millions, who were dissatisfied, weary, skeptical. The struggle of the rich kulaks who would rather slaughter their cattle than turn them over to the state, the struggle of the middle-class peasants against the poor, held up the advance for years.

And yet the many millions endured for ten years privations which far exceeded those endured by the Germans under Hitler. Since all production is ultimately based on heavy industry, the entire country, which could not or would not import anything, had to do without most consumers' goods. It became a kind of sport to do without things or find substitutes. Like children on Christmas Eve, people wished each other the manufacture of hats or brushes or gloves or bathtubs or radios. The inner history of this period differs from that of Berlin and Rome for the same period in this fundamental respect: there, to the west, two mature and highly cultivated peoples saw themselves almost overnight swindled out of the gifts of life, while here a young people looked forward, across the interval of privation for the sake of a great objective, to the smaller and then the greater pleasures of life.

Here, too, there could be no freedom for the individual. But in Berlin and Rome there was arming for the avowed purpose of conquest, while in Moscow it was for the purpose of defense. In Berlin a people hungered in order to acquire external world domination; in Moscow it hungered in order to build up, internally, a more just society. Hence the moral superiority in the war. If this people is defending itself successfully with the weapons it has only just acquired, the explanation must be sought exclusively in idealistic factors—that is, in the enthusiasm of the laboring and student youth. But as to the outstanding spirits in Russia—and none of these, either, is free to say or write what he wants—they are captivated by the magnificent spectacle in which they are called upon to play their part. Besides, they are very well paid, for in Russia the highest incomes go to the big engineer or the great writer.

When I saw with my own eyes the contrast between the original conception of Communism and the present system, I asked Stalin what had become of the theory of equality which Marx had once preached and which he, Stalin, had recently ridiculed. He answered:

"A completely socialized state, where all receive the same amount of bread and meat, the same kind of clothes, the same products and exactly the same amounts of these products—such a Socialism was not recognized by Marx. Marx merely says that so

long as the classes are not entirely wiped out, and so long as work has not become a pleasure—for now most people look upon it as a burden—there will be many people who would like to have others do more work than they. So long, then, as the distinction of class is not entirely obliterated, people will be paid according to their productive efficiency, each according to his capacity. That is the Marxist formula for the first stage of Socialism. When Socialism has reached the completed stage, every one will do what he is capable of doing, and for the work he has done will be paid according to his needs.

"It should be perfectly clear that different people have different needs, great and small. Marx himself attacks the principle of equalization. That is a part of primitive peasant psychology, not Socialism."

There is something downright comical in the way Stalin's opponents, confronted by the staggering triumph

HAS STALIN BETRAYED TRUE SOCIALISM?

of Russian reconstruction, have reproached him for having betrayed

Socialism and revealed himself as nothing more than a dreary entrepreneur in the old style. In reality, Stalin, like Lenin before him, has honestly maintained the fundamental principle of Socialism, namely, the nationalization of production and of foreign trade. As regards the soil, however, there has not been much more nationalization in Russia than in Italy, where one third of the land already belongs to the Fascist state. But Stalin, again like Lenin before him, adapted the methods and forms of Socialism to changing circumstances from year to year. It was only thus that he could have carried out the two great plans.

At the Congress of 1929 a speaker submitted from the platform the first Five-Year Plan, and as he indicated on a large map of the Union the places where new power centers were to be erected, small electric lights sprang out one after another. As he touched on the planned foundries, mines, oil wells, textile factories, lights of different colors illustrated each enterprise. When the speaker finally pointed to the glowing map and said softly and as if incidentally, "This is what we are fighting for," a storm of enthusiasm swept through the audience. Tears came into the speaker's eyes.

What must have been Stalin's emotions when he had the map lit up once more four years later! In every spot where a lamp glowed, there was now real light!

With Mr. Ludwig's interpretations of the notorious Moscow trials and the world-shaking Soviet-Nazi pact of 1939, and with his firsthand report of the simple facts about his subject's daily round, personal view of life, and philosophy concerning destiny, his biographical study of Stalin will be concluded next week.

"Meet the man who really tamed the shrew"



"What a terrible name to call yourself! And a sweet-tempered person like you . . . it's silly!"

"Believe it or not, I was terrible! If Bob hadn't stepped in, I might still be nervous, haggard, all temper and tantrums like this . . ."



"As pretty a girl as any man could wish! But what's this about tomato juice?"

"Oh! That's the new way to take yeast. Look! Mash a cake of yeast in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass and drink. It's delicious."

"Stop it! That's awful!"

"Awful is right! But Bob found the right answer . . . I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"A what?"

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon . . ."



Ever read the FLEISCHMANN label? This is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are natural sources, such as yeast and liver. And if you bake at home, remember recent tests prove that even the Vitamin A in FLEISCHMANN'S is not appreciably lost in the oven. Vitamins A, B₁, D and G go right into your bread.

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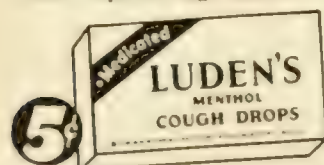
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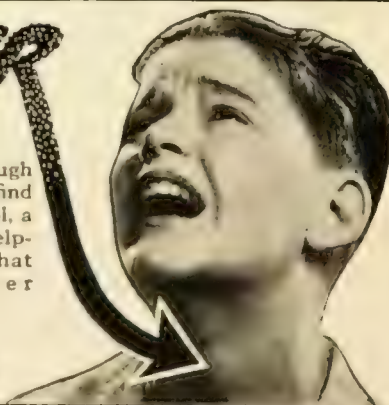
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Has a cold made it hurt even to talk? Throat rough and scratchy? Get a box of Luden's. You'll find Luden's special ingredients, with cooling menthol, a great aid in helping soothe that "sand paper throat!"



a great aid in helping soothe that "sand paper throat!"



squeezed into electrified metal tubes that suggested the imaginary head-dress of one of Orson Welles' invaders from Mars. A triangle of black skin tape pointed down the ridge between her eyes, and a leather chin strap stretched from ear to ear.

"Diana," he said, when he had overcome his astonishment, "what in heaven's name are you made up for?"

Diana sprang from the bed and tore off the mask. The stiff white coating on her face hid the fury that filled her eyes.

"Josh, you ought to know better than to break in on me looking like this!"

"But how could I know you were all made up like a circus clown?"

Even through the hard white surface he could see the agony of humiliation that came over her face. "Get out," she said. "Please get out. You mustn't ever see me like this again."

"Diana, I don't care what the hell you look like. I—we've got a problem we've got to talk over together—right now."

But Diana was obsessed with the thought that she was caught like a thief with his hand in the safe. And, like a thief, her first impulse was flight. She ran across the room into her dressing room and slammed the door behind her.

"Diana!" Josh called angrily. "Come out of there and stop acting like a child. What are we going to do after we're married?"

"That has nothing to do with it," her voice came through the door hysterically. "No woman likes to be seen unless she's at her best. Especially by some one she—she loves."

"But I fell in love with a woman—a forty-year-old woman. If I wanted to spend the rest of my life with a beautiful face, I ought to marry one of those beautiful wax models in a dress-shop window."

And then suddenly he realized that whether she did or did not help him make up his mind about that studio job was not what he had come for. He had come to find out once and for all whether he was to marry a woman, a human being who was willing to give him the flesh-and-blood companionship of a woman, or whether he was about to enter into holy matrimony with a wax model.

"Diana, come out and talk with me."

"Darling," she pleaded, "don't be unreasonable. We've got to go to that party at Ciro's tonight. If you don't leave me alone, I'll look like the wrath of God."

"All right," he said slowly and his voice was edged with a cold finality. "You can go on looking lovelier than ever. I'll leave you alone. And I mean strictly alone. Not only now, but tonight, and the nights to come . . ."

★ DIANA, the middle-aged, domestic Diana who loved to bring hot coffee to Josh while he puzzled over a troublesome scene far into the night, this Diana cried. The tears formed neat little crystals that slid rapidly down the artificial surface of her cheeks. But the Diana of the perfect profile and the perennial bloom returned like an automaton to her bed and readjusted the black mask over her eyes again, as if she would blot out Josh, the scene they had just had, reality itself.

Josh went back to his office and banged out a note to the studio boss. He was very sorry, he said, but he would not be able to accept the producership that had been offered him. As soon as this script was finished, he was off to New York again to take that last fling at the theater.

Then he twirled a piece of yellow paper into the typewriter and began to write what he thought would be the fade-out scene that had been hanging over him all day. But his fingers had another idea. His blood was still pulsing fast with the anger and disappointment of his fight with Diana, and the keys of his typewriter began to pound out his fury as he wrote:

LOVELIER THAN EVER

A Short Short
by

JOSHUA HANCOCK

Her face was white as the calla lily's, and as perfectly formed. The eyes, those beautiful sky-blue eyes, stared dreamily into space. And the red lips that required no artificial help to form a cupid's bow were parted in a faint, haunting smile.

"Just look at her!" Stella Statler gushed to a group that was staring at this face in limp-mouthed admiration. "Why, she looks lovelier than ever!"

"Lovelier than ever," echoed a tall gray-haired man, looking up at the columnist with a sad, ironic smile and then turning his eyes back to the face again. He was thinking . . .

The typewriter keys struck down with the violent and inspired and incessant beat of a jazz drummer's. Except for making the gray-haired man a doctor instead of a writer, and calling Diana Williams Marilyn Mayfair, Josh was writing his own story, pouring it out of his system in an angry flow—the story of a lady whose whole life is wrapped up in maintaining a reputation for looking lovelier than ever, and of a man who offers her love, marriage, and companionship but who refuses to share her with

the hairdressers, beauticians, health lamps, and beauty naps that monopolize her time.

The story ended in a final burst of inspiration, a pointed and burning tip to the spear Josh was hurling, fashioned on the white-heat anvil of his anger. Marilyn Mayfair was fighting a losing battle against the inevitable creases of middle age. She pressed herself into corsets until one evening she fainted dead away at a party, narrowly saved from self-inflicted strangulation. She had already eliminated the noonday meal, but now she avoided the evening one as well, and reduced breakfast to a stomach-shrinking pill and an unsweetened cup of black coffee. Her cheeks regained their lovely sculpturing again, and the extra layer of chin no longer marred the classical line of her jaw. But her sylphlike figure was redeemed at a rather high price. The schoolgirl complexion she had nourished through all these years became a sickly pallor and her endurance was running out so rapidly that she had to resort to the sleeping habits of her childhood and never stay up beyond ten. The elderly man who wished to marry her watched her wasting away in futile desperation. "Darling," he would plead, "I would much prefer being married to a plump, well set up woman than to a corpse."

. . . But Marilyn Mayfair would not listen. No amount of self-inflicted Chinese torture, from metal strait jackets to absolute starvation, could deter her from her resolution to look lovelier than ever.

And at last her battle was won. Quickly succumbing to the first flu epidemic that hit southern California that winter, she was lying in state, and all her Hollywood friends were filing by her bier in tearful admiration. "Just look at her!" Stella Statler was exclaiming as Marilyn Mayfair lay there like the fair Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat. "Why, she looks lovelier than ever!"

By the time his short story appeared, Josh was in New York working on his play. Sometimes, when he went out for a walk late at night after finishing a scene, he would find himself wondering what effect it had had on Diana. He knew the way the story had swept over Hollywood, of course, for the columnists had told how it had become a party game for the hostess to read the story to her guests.

In the heat of composition, Josh had somehow been able to hope the story might jolt Diana into a sense of reality that he had failed to make her understand in all their arguments. But that, he was afraid now, was hopelessly romantic. If the story moved Diana to anything, he thought, it would be to unforgiving resentment.

Well, I suppose I can't blame her, he thought. If he hadn't written and sent off that story in the first flush of anger, he would have thought twice about dragging her over the coals in public that way. But it was too late now. He shrugged, and in his dramatist's mind he saw Diana, dipping

deeper into powder and rouge and hair dye in her desperate effort to win her battle with time. He saw her years later, an old crone, accepting the inevitable at last, anesthetizing her frustration with whisky.

★ BY the time Josh went into rehearsals, he hadn't forgotten Diana but he had stored his memory of her in the attic of his mind. Now the curtain was coming down on the first act and he was hurrying up the aisle. Applause swelled a moment but was not sustained. He had his answer already. He could read it in the consciously noncommittal faces of the critics. Oh, hell, he thought, a promising play. Just another promising play.

He stood in the lobby, fingering his cigarette, murmuring his thanks to acquaintances who came over to say the things they always feel duty-bound to say between the acts. But they weren't fooling him. The play was all right. But it wasn't O'Neill. It wasn't Odets. Just another promising—oh, how he hated that word!—promising evening in the theater.

"Thanks," he was saying. "Thanks, Joe. I wish it *were* that good," when suddenly their eyes met.

She was standing alone near the entrance. He looked at her in amazement and then started to grin. He was grinning at a charming and self-confessed woman of forty-three. The contours of her face were softer and fuller, and her gray hair was combed back in a simple wave.

He hurried across the lobby to her. "Diana! I—I almost didn't recognize you."

She looked up at him and smiled, not the consciously photogenic smile of the old days, but a warmer, lovelier smile. "Don't feel too bad about the play, Josh," she said. "Maybe the play is . . . the illusion of youth we middle-aged folk have to give up sooner or later."

They looked at each other. The buzzer warned of the curtain going up, but neither of them moved. "I didn't think you'd ever talk to me again," he said, "after that story."

"Story? What story, Josh?"

"You know," he said. "The one that—that everybody was talking about in Hollywood."

"I left Hollywood almost a year ago," she said. "I just couldn't seem to go on fooling myself after you left."

"But where have you been, Di?"

"Somehow I—I didn't want to grow old in Hollywood," she said. "A little bit like Shangri-La, I guess. Remember what happened to the young girl as soon as she left it behind? So I—I went back to my old home town in Connecticut. Josh. I've become a small-town girl again." Then a smile spread from her eyes. "I suppose I should say a small-town old lady."

He saw the shine in her eyes and he saw it was her own, unaided by eye shadow or mascara.

"Darling," he said, "now it's my turn to say it. You look lovelier than ever!"

THE END



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Prelude

to

"Berlin Diary"



About 1,000,000 Americans have spent millions of breathless nights enthralled with William L. Shirer's now famous "Berlin Diary."

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It's all in True Detective—at your corner newsstand but twice as good on your bedside table!

True Detective

SMART BASKETBALL WILL WIN EVERY TIME—Continued from Page 30

Just about this time I decided that since college was doing so much to smarten up my players, a little education might not be amiss in my case. And so it was back to school for the two years that I lacked toward a high-school diploma. By the time I was thirty I was ready for college. By a strange coincidence I enrolled at Duquesne with the freshmen basketball players who were destined to become the best college five of their day.

All this time basketball had been moving along at a steady pace, getting better from year to year. The accent was still on smart play. But with the coming of big-time basketball in Madison Square Garden several coaches decided to try out giants at the center position in order to secure the tip-off every time. It got so that a smaller five would concede the tap and try to make up the disadvantage by outhustling the taller team. The hue and cry finally became so loud that the center jump was abolished altogether.

So the game lost a smart playmaker. Plays by the dozen that were once worked off the tip-off were thrown away. What were the coaches going to do with their big fellows now? We had the answer very shortly. Since the center jump had already been ruined, the next step was to jam up the pivot play. And so we saw the gangling goons going from the center post to the pivot post. That wouldn't have been so bad if they had continued using the hole position as a playmaker. But no; a six-feet-six boy was all elbows and couldn't master the passing game so necessary for the pivot playmaker. So, instead, he became a shooter. All pretense of smartness was gone. The other players would throw him the ball and, instead of passing out again, the tall drink of water just whirled in mid-air and tried to dump the ball through the mesh.

Personally, this style of play didn't affect our teams. We always managed to defend successfully against a pivot shooter. But other teams just played football with the pivot shooter and the rule makers began to time the boy in the hole. This meant nothing, as the pivot was then set up outside of the foul lanes. So the going became rougher and rougher, with the "smart" rapidly going out of basketball.

When the pivot shooter first became the vogue, Westminster, a great basketball college near Pittsburgh, came up with a big boy, Wes Bennett, who threw the ball over his head without looking at the basket. He had this shot down fairly well and usually dropped several a game. The first time he came to Madison Square Garden he drove St. John's frantic with this shot and beat them all by himself.

Before the Westminster-St. John's game the following year, Buck Freeman, mentor of the Brooklyn five, drove down to Pittsburgh to get my advice on how to stop Bennett.

My theory is don't let these pivot

shooters get their hands on the ball and you have them licked before they start. I had my team set up a compact zone defense and showed Freeman how I would maneuver men in front of Bennett. Evidently Buck took my advice. Bennett had a big zero tagged after his name in the scoring column a few nights later.

I'm not bragging about stopping this boy Bennett. It's part of my job. I merely wish to point out how futile it is to build an offense around one man. Stop that man and you have the other club licked.

Give me a coach that knows defensive basketball and you can pretty

★ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ★

by Donald Gordon

DRAGON SEED, By Pearl S. Buck

It is book news that, after excursions into family history and a fictional demonstration of what marriage to a clay-footed celebrity entails, the author of *The Good Earth* has turned again to the scene and the writing style of her big success. Focused upon the family of a farmer in the Nanking region, the novel recounts the manner by which Jap invaders managed to convert a philosophical, passive people into actively resisting, implacable enemies. The method—bestial and stupid atrocities, detailed at considerable length. Not pleasant reading, but not exaggerated according to published missionary testimony. (John Day Company.)

well stop any pivot-shooting team, although they can lick everybody else in their district. Last winter I had the displeasure of seeing my Iron Dukes eliminated from the Metropolitan Invitational Basketball Tournament in the first game of a double-header. The second contest brought together Virginia and City College.

The Southerners had a big team with a wonderful record. I took one look at them and was willing to bet even money they featured the pivot shooter. Sure enough, their center, a handsome six-feet-five husky, played the hole as a shooter. The smart City boys had him out of there in no time on personal fouls and then won the game by more than thirty points. This is no reflection on the player or coach—hundreds of teams use this system—but it is asking too much of a player to bear the brunt of the attack and is asking the other players to pass up good scoring opportunities to set up the player in the hole.

Basketball is a game that must be played by five men. When you have those men working in unison, moving the ball around for openings, setting each other up for shots, you have an intelligent team. If this team can also play defensive ball, no pivot shooter in the game is going to make it look bad. And just as soon as coaches learn that big players can move gracefully and can be taught to handle the ball, we are going to see the greatest basketball play of all time.

THE END

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES



Nancy Coleman, who plays a beautiful secret agent in *Dangerously They Live*.



Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main in *The Bugle Sounds*, a drama of the army.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★★★ DANGEROUSLY THEY LIVE

You've got to hand it to the movies for timing. The West Coast studios jumped the gun on war pictures long before we were in the war. Those films are paying off now in a big way. Whether they deal with Nazi espionage activities in this country, or the huge armament program we launched before the battle cry of "Remember Pearl Harbor," they have tremendous punch and meaning. For a grimly embattled nation, they constitute red-hot entertainment.

Consider *Dangerously They Live*. Like half a dozen of its predecessors, it shows how a right-thinking but rather unaware American got wise to the machinations of Nazi spies and did something about it. In this case the hero is a hospital interne. He is called in on a case of temporary amnesia, in which a lovely girl tells him that it is not amnesia which keeps her from going off with the man who claims to be her father. It develops that she is a British agent, being hounded by Germans who wish to find out about a convoy departure from Halifax.

Essentially, these prewar spy pictures are good shows today because they have combined two compelling screen come-ons. On the one hand they anticipated the upsurge of feeling which has swept the country since that second week of last December. On the

other they made effective use of the old gangster picture technique to build up terror, staccato action, and emotional suspense. In *Dangerously They Live*, you are likely to be on the edge of your seat all through the sequences which show Hitler's men closing in on the hero and heroine. You will also get a terrific bang out of seeing Canadian bombers roar out over the Atlantic to sink a flotilla of U-boats.

The melodrama is what is important in this film. There is a pleasant romance, but it never gets in the way of the savage action. What you care about is whether or not Raymond Massey, as a sinister Nazi spy, succeeds in tricking the British Mata Hari and doing away with the interne.

John Garfield plays the interne with great force and conviction. The oncoming Nancy Coleman is excellent as the English girl who gives false positions for the convoy and sends a group of German submarines to their doom. Massey, of course, is magnificently malignant as the chief spy posing as a reputable psychiatrist. Robert Florey, who had a long apprenticeship making minor melodramas for Warners, has staged the show with the terrific pace and flavor it needed. Here's a first-rate spy picture.

(Warner Bros.)

★★★ THE BUGLE SOUNDS

Our new mechanized army comes in for celebration in this film of a cavalry

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the leading producer of movies. There are more M-G-M stars than there are stars of all the other companies combined.

You have seen the recent films, "H. M. Pulham, Esq." (Lamarr-Young-Hussey), "Woman of the Year" (Tracy-Hepburn) and "Johnny Eager" (Taylor-Turner). If you haven't, they are still playing some place.

Each in its way is a masterpiece.

Now we should like to recommend "We Were Dancing", which is based in part on the Noel Coward playlets called "Tonight at 8:30"—starring Norma Shearer. Melvyn Douglas.



"Mrs. Miniver", based on the novel by Jan Struther, starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

This screen play is by James Hilton, author of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and R. C. Sherriiff, author of "Journey's End." An exciting collaboration.



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outfit being converted into a tank corps. It has more conventional entertainment values in it than Dangerously They Live. Some of them are downright corny. But the fact remains that it has also anticipated the present course of events. With Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Marjorie Main, and George Bancroft in leading roles, it is a drama of a great army about to be unleashed, in spite of saboteurs and reactionaries.

All that keeps it from being an outstanding production is the awkward seesawing between old-line romantic and melodramatic clichés and a sharp realization of the present emergency. When the film lingers over the gruff love-making of Beery and Miss Main or introduces a subsidiary juvenile romance between Donna Reed and William Lundigan, it loses power by the minute. When it sticks to the job of converting a horse-borne unit of soldiers into a mechanized division, or documents the smashing of a sabotage ring, it is always engrossing.

The acting is always conditioned by the script. Beery is downright bad at times when he is supposed to be making love to a lunchroom proprietress or grousing about the sardines in tin cans, as he calls the tank corps who are supplanting his fine cavalry. He is splendid when he is pretending to be a renegade army man in order to stop the outbreak of sabotage which indirectly causes the death of his old mount. Marjorie Main is excellent as the middle-aged sweetheart of the cavalry sergeant, and Lewis Stone, as always, is right as rain in the role of the colonel who dares to use one of his officers in an unauthorized job of spying. The Bugle Sounds keys into the fundamental facts of today, for all its extraneous nonsense. It is still another demonstration that Hollywood knew what we were in for well before most mediums of popular expression. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Dumbo.

★★★★½—Joan of Paris, Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night, The Man Who Came to Dinner, H. M. Pulham, Esq., How Green Was My Valley, Two-Faced Woman, Birth of the Blues, Suspicion.

★★★—The Vanishing Virginian, Johnny Eager, Mr. Bug Goes to Town, Hellzapoppin, Design for Scandal, Kathleen, The Corsican Brothers, Sundown, Shadow of the Thin Man, Blues in the Night, Playmates, The Chocolate Soldier, Target for Tonight.

More Winners in Liberty's \$2,000 History of Our Flag Contest

(Continued from January 10 issue)

Daniel Jaspán, Philadelphia, Pa.; Vivian Jenkins, Philadelphia, Pa.; A. J. Jones, Long Island City, N. Y.; Mrs. C. E. Jones, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. F. L. Jones, Erie, Pa.; Judith Kaplan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Roscoe Brown Kendig, Jr., South Williamsport, Pa.; Edna P. King, Sarcocix, Mo.; B. F. Kitchen, Loveland, Colo.; Mrs. Paul Kossack, McGregor, Ia.; Sue R. Kraybill, Asbury Park, N. J.; Velma Lawrence, Topeka, Kan.; Cornelia Leffring, Philadelphia, Pa.; George W. Leighty, Phillips, Wis.; Mrs. James N. Lennen, Indianapolis, Ind.; Ina H. Lewis, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Katherine Lockhart, Minneapolis, Minn.; Claudia Longley, Houston, Tex.; Dr. Ben Luntz, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. A. F. Makay, Sea Cliff, N. Y.; Ellen Mallinckordt, St. Charles, Mo.; Ella Martin, Riverside, Calif.; Eugene Mason, Newell, W. Va.; Anthony Mastrovich, Lead, S. Dak.; Mary Maurice, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. Howard T. Maynard, Harford, Pa.; E. L. McCluskey, Santa Monica, Calif.; Anna McGinity, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. A. C. McKinley, Peoria, Ill.; Helen Merrill, Atlanta, Ga.; Mary S. Merrill, Atlanta, Ga.; Bessie S. Miller, Baconton, Ga.; H. B. Miller, San Francisco, Calif.; Marie Miller, Bowbells, N. Dak.; Magdalena E. C. Millonig, Dayton, O.; Robert C. Millonig, Dayton, O.; Harry R. Mittler, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. G. Tennent Moss, Tulsa, Okla.; Lewis B. Mull, Louisville, Ky.; Florence Neely, Winterset, Ia.; Dorothy Neff, Philadelphia, Pa.; Buckten Nendick, Melrose Park, Ill.; Agnes W. Nissen, Upper Darby, Pa.; M. Oliver Norem, Belle Fourche, S. Dak.; L. E. North, Orting, Wash.; Edna G. Nowland, Indianapolis, Ind.; Clara Blaha, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mary E. Oliphant, Detroit, Mich.; Adolph B. Olson, St. Paul, Minn.; Willey E. Pallette, Oak Grove, Mo.; Mrs. A. D. Parker, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. Grace E. Parker, La Porte, Ind.; Mrs. J. M. Patterson, Maxton, N. C.; Mrs. W. H. Payne, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. L. D. Peak, Densmore, Kan.; Eve Pepper, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rodney Petersen, Minneapolis, Minn.; Florence Pettiet, Philadelphia, Pa.; Roxy Phillips, Sekiu, Wash.; Ben M. Price, Jr., Champaign, Ill.; William E. Ralston, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Fred Ristrim, Des Moines, Ia.; Hazel Rockwood, Denver, Colo.; W. A. Roerick, Eau Claire, Wis.; Rev. Henry R. Rose, Montclair, N. J.; T. S. Rowan, New Orleans, La.; Grace Leeanna Rowe, Independence, Mo.; Noel T. Rudy, Saginaw, Mich.; Theo O. Rue, Gas City, Ind.; Mrs. James V. Rush, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. C. F. Saeugling, McGregor, Ia.; Mrs. Jack Saffer, Tullus, La.; Sallie M. Saffer, Tullus, La.; Mrs. L. N. Satterfield, Fairview, W. Va.; Maybell Sayers, Scranton, Pa.; Dorothy Schellhase, Miami, Okla.; Alfred P. Scholz, M.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lucille M. Schrock, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Harry Schubach, Los Angeles, Calif.; Rosa Seipp, San Angelo, Tex.; Judith Sennert, Lakewood, N. J.; May H. Severe, Pikesville, Md.; Dorothy Shepherd, Superior, Wis.; Truett Slaughter, Robstown, Tex.; Mrs. T. A. Sorrells, Montgomery, Ala.; Mrs. Fred L. Sowash, Willits, Calif.; Bess Strum, Houston, Tex.; Marguerite Steinert, San Francisco, Calif.; Nellie E. Stephens, Stockbridge, Mich.; Miss Valeta B. Stout, Burr Oak, Kan.; Ben Strauss, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bertrand L. Strieh, Philadelphia, Pa.; C. L. Swenson, Antioch, Calif.; John Thayer, Cambridge, Mass.; Lois H. Thomas, Hot Springs National Park, Ark.; Mrs. Ralph L. Thompson, Broken Bow, Neb.; Margaret Ticknor, Jacksonville, Ill.; Alice Tuggle, Birmingham, Ala.; Mary Douglass Van Dyke, Milwaukee, Wis.; Catharine S. Vondercrone, Brookline, Pa.; Harriet C. Walker, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Mary Walker, Horn Lake, Miss.; Mrs. William Wallace, Lake City, Minn.; Marshall S. Wallner, Bedford, Ind.; Martin Walsh, Scranton, Pa.; L. Pearl Wennerstein, Shickley, Neb.; William F. Werner, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. H. L. Whisler, Portland, Ore.; Wilma White, San Francisco, Calif.; Mabel Whitney, St. Paul, Minn.; Leola Willett, Redding, Calif.; Mrs. G. A. Williams, Vincennes, Ind.; Mary S. Williams, Phoenixville, Pa.; Meredith Johnson Williams, Franklin, Ind.; Mrs. Martin Willman, Keithsburg, Ill.; Florence Wolfe, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. T. L. Woods, Huntsville, Ala.; Edward Wright, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Linnea Yeager, Pitcairn, Pa.; Irene S. Young, New Britain, Conn.; Mrs. William W. Van Zant, Sr., Clifton Heights, Pa.; Mrs. Bert L. Zinn, Denver, Colo.

LOST



Lost—a cough due to a cold—thanks to the soothing action of Smith Brothers Cough Drops. Keep a box handy these days! Two kinds, both good, both effective, both delicious:—Black or Menthol. And still only 5¢.

SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢



THERE ARE

NO

BAD BOYS



A friend said that. Here's
the true story of how it
gave me a stake in life



BY ONE OF THEM

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★ WE were sitting in this room at Police Headquarters—the Chief, two plain-clothes men who had brought me in, a girl stenographer, and myself. We'd been over all of it before. But this was for the record.

"How old are you?" asked the Chief.

"Seventeen," I said.

"How long since you left home?"

"About four months."

"You couldn't get along with your father and mother?"

If the Chief wanted that in the record too, he was entitled to it. It was true. So I said, "Yes."

"Now, on March 3 you held up the Chase Shoe Shop at Third and Main Streets and got one hundred and thirty dollars?"

"I don't think it was over a hundred and twenty, Chief, although I might have counted wrong."

He reeled off the list of five shops of the Chase Shoe chain and the amounts I had obtained at each place, and I said "Yes" each time.

"Tell us how you went about holding up a store."

"I'd tie a handkerchief over my face, walk in, take out my gun, and tell them to 'Put 'em up!' Then I'd walk over to the cash register, press the key down and open it, pocket the money, and walk out."

"What about the door?"

I was waiting for him to ask about that. I was pretty proud of it.

"Well, all those stores use a padlock on their doors, outside, at night. As I was stepping out of the store after the hold-up, I'd simply slip a padlock of my own through the hasp and lock the clerks and customers inside. They didn't have any telephones inside, so that gave me time to get away."

"You went on these jobs alone?"

"Yes, always."

"What did you do with the money we didn't find in your room?"

I told him: the twelve dollars I'd paid for room and board, the down payment on the new motorcycle I'd bought after the third stick-up, the movies I'd gone to, and the driving

outfit—the cordwain leggings, whipcord riding breeches, and warm jacket I'd always wanted.

"Ever think you might get caught?"

"I knew I would sooner or later."

He tried to give me a break. "Look, son," he said. "Is there anything you'd like to add to all this in your own behalf? Any reason for your doing this? You come from a decent home."

"Sure I had a reason," I snapped. "I've told you—I was disgusted with the world in general. I wanted a motorcycle. I wanted these clothes. I couldn't get the money honestly. Well, self-preservation is the first law of nature. I got it the other way."

He turned to the stenographer: "Type that out and bring it in for his signature."

The local newspapers gave my case considerable space. They told how I had scorned a pathetic appeal made by my mother. They might have added that I hated my father.

According to the psychiatric report on me, I was eccentric and egocentric and selfish. I was restless and was un-

willing to stand hardship. Though he credited me with "superior intelligence," the psychiatric examiner decided that I had a dementia praecox personality; that institutionalizing me might merely bring out more of my "abnormal traits."

What to do with me became a problem. I felt no sorrow for the five hold-ups I had committed. I had not even inquired about my parents in the four months since leaving home.

Yet I wasn't a bad boy. There is no such thing. I know. Today, in my early thirties, I can look back upon what happened then and understand things that were vague to me.

Until I was seven, I was an only child. Then two sisters were born. I don't think I resented them. But my father, a stern man, had a violent temper which my mother, a gentle hard-working woman, seemed to keep in check in those early years.

★ IT was when I was in my teens that the trouble started. If my sisters cried, my father would storm into the room, take me outside, and give me a good thrashing. There was never an attempt to find out who had been to blame. Naturally, my sisters soon learned that they had only to threaten to cry, and I would turn over to them my share of candy.

I began to detest my sisters. Antagonism deepened between my father and myself. I realize now that those beatings hurt my mother even more than they hurt me. Where I suffered them in angry silence, she pleaded tearfully with my father. And she lied! Even when I had done something to deserve discipline, she would swear that I had not. At the time this made me furious with her.

I was sixteen when I quit high school. I wanted a motorcycle. My father had roared at the suggestion. I decided to go to work and earn the money for it myself. He did not object to that. I enjoyed my first job as a pipe fitter's helper, but quit when they put me on work I disliked. My second job, assembling clocks, was all right. But my health did not permit me to do the amount of work I should have, and I was fired.

I was living in a boardinghouse by myself when I got the idea for the hold-ups. I planned carefully how I would dress, to look like a customer. With my few remaining dollars I bought a pistol and the padlocks. I rode to and from my first hold-up on a streetcar. In five minutes I had made eighty dollars. After my third hold-up I bought the motorcycle.

I had held up a store each Saturday night for three weeks. Then I missed a week, and decided the following Saturday night to hold up two stores. The first hold-up went off all right. As I left the second store a pedestrian set up an alarm. I was stopped by a policeman, who told a reporter to ride, on the back seat of my motorcycle, with me to Headquarters. I drove there. The reporter said, "This is where we get off." I said, "This is where you get off"—and I pushed him

off the seat and drove away rapidly.

Two days later they caught me. The juvenile authorities could not readily understand why a youth who wasn't simply vicious and who came from a perfectly reputable home should suddenly embark upon a one-man crime wave. They put it down almost entirely to my frustrated desire to own a motorcycle. They could hardly be expected to know that when I held older persons at bay with a pistol I was telling myself: "My father talks big, but he wouldn't have the guts to do this! I'll show him!"

Conceding that I was intelligent, industrious, honest to the point of detesting a lie, they held a conference on my perplexing case.

There was a young man who was Scout executive of the local council of the Boy Scouts of America. Before coming to my home town he had been a volunteer officer doing special work with the Juvenile Court of Chicago. An ex-soldier and world traveler, he could understand the spirit of adventure that lies in every boy's soul. And one of his maxims was this: "There are no bad boys."

Court officials asked him, "Don't you think this is a bad boy?"

He shook his head. "Boys need guidance, not punishment. That boy may have committed five hold-ups; but, with the proper study and attention to his case, he'll never come into court again as a delinquent."

"I think," he was told, "we'd better bring him in and have you meet him. You'll change your mind."

"I'd like to meet him. But he mustn't know it. He's already received too much publicity. Let me go there alone and meet him casually."

★ A BUNCH of us at the home were playing basketball when he got there. He came over and watched us play awhile. He paid no attention to me. One of the baskets got broken, and he asked some of the boys to suggest the best way to repair it. I knew a better way than any they suggested—and I explained. After a while the other kids drifted off, and he and I were by ourselves.

"You're a pretty good mechanic, Norman," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"I did those shoe-store hold-ups. You probably read about them."

He shook his head. "Why should a good mechanic hold up shoe stores?"

"I wanted a motorcycle."

"I can understand that. But why didn't you earn the money honestly?"

"I couldn't and—self-preservation's the first law of nature . . ."

"Is it?"

"Sure it is."

"A lot of my buddies in the first World War didn't know that. A lot of them who are dead now didn't believe that. They didn't have to die. We enlisted when the war broke out. We went to France and fought. They went over there and fought and died because they believed in their country, in democracy, in honor and decency and playing square with

your fellow man. I'd hate to think those little crosses marked the graves of suckers. What do you think?"

"I—I hadn't thought of it that way before," I admitted.

"We'll talk more about it some other time. Good to have seen you."

That was the first of many talks I was to have with him. Meanwhile, when he got back that day, the examining psychiatrist said that I should be sent to a hospital for six months for observation. Most of the court officials thought I was an incorrigible. The Juvenile Court judge and some of the officials felt that I should be given a chance. But others were afraid that if released I might do my father bodily harm.

★ "I DON'T think," my new Scout friend told them, "that Norman wants to go home. He feels that whatever he does there results in trouble. That's why he ran away."

"Do you think he could keep a job if he were released now?"

"If it were the right job. He's interested in things mechanical. He has to learn how to get along with people. But why shouldn't he?"

"If this boy is turned loose," one of the psychiatrists said, "he'll be back in court within six months."

"I disagree," said my friend. "If the court will permit me, I'll find him a job. And I'll be responsible for him."

The judge decided to give me a chance. My friend went to an acquaintance who ran an automobile agency and repair shop. I worked there for months—and happily—before they let me go because I argued too often with the foreman.

The Scout leader found me another such job. I liked the work. But I got in bad there, too. The foreman was a checkerplayer. He'd win every game, and at the end of it he'd say, "It takes brains to play checkers."

I went, night after night, to experts and had them teach me the game. The next time I sat down with the foreman, we played half a dozen games. I won them all.

"It takes brains to play checkers," I reminded him.

A couple of the men laughed. He yelled, "You're fired!"

Again I had let my friends down. But I was determined that I'd never again appear in court as a man who had committed a crime. I didn't. Instead, I repaid, slowly, to the shoe chain all the money I had stolen. I held other jobs—and quit them.

I went to another city. I arrived there seven years ago with only two dollars and a half. Today I have one of the best equipped workshops in my line that are to be found anywhere. All of my equipment is paid for. At thirty-four I feel that I'm on my way. My mind is untroubled, and I've found a girl I expect to marry. I've put my stubbornness to work for me—and it's paying dividends.

Wasn't it stubbornness that made my friend from the Scout organization insist there are no bad boys?

THE END

1—Handel, while dueling with another musician, Mattheson.

2—Beethoven's Ninth.

3—Tchaikovsky's Andante Cantabile.

4—(1) Igor Stravinsky. (2) Handel. (3) De Falla; from El Amor Brujo.

5—The Girl of the Golden West; Giacomo Puccini.

6—(1) Saint-Saëns' Samson and Delilah; Strauss' Salome; Massenet's Herodiade. (2) Strauss' Elektra; Gluck's Alceste; Gluck's Orpheus and Eurydice; Gounod's Philemon and Baucis.

7—In Verdi's Aida—Act 1 (Return Victorious).

8—The musk turtle emits an oily secretion that has an unpleasant odor.

9—Camel and prairie dog.

10—Crested flycatcher and road runner.

11—From the swim bladder of the sturgeon (and other fish).

12—A mongoose is an animal and has fur.

13—The Old World cuckoo builds no nest but lays her eggs in other birds' nests.

14—Chester Alan Arthur, twenty-first President of the United States. Because of his amazing wardrobe, he was called the "Beau Brummell of the White House."

15—Dolly Madison. She served during the widower Jefferson's term and also during her husband's. (But I think Mrs. Roosevelt is out to beat her record.)

16—Benjamin Harrison, who was President in between the two terms of Grover Cleveland.

17—(b) Presidents: Stephen Grover Cleveland, Thomas Woodrow Wilson, John Calvin Coolidge, Hiram Ulysses Grant.

18—The man would be General Pettigrew, division commander of the Army of

Northern Virginia; the event, the Battle of Gettysburg.

19—You would attend the Boston Tea Party and would wear the costume of an Indian. The Dartmouth, the Beaver, and the Eleanor were the three English ships attacked.

20—The soldier was Molly Pitcher, and of course it was unusual that she was a woman.

21—Enoch, his father; Seth, his grandfather; Adam, his great-grandfather.

22—In the Garden of Eden, when the serpent tempted Eve. In the presence of the Egyptian pharaoh, Aaron turned his staff into a serpent. When the children of Israel were in the desert the Lord sent serpents to plague them.

23—Yuan Shih-kai.

24—Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Jesse H. Jones, and Leon Henderson.

25—Two—Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams.

26—1819, Florida ceded by Spain; 1845, Texas annexed; 1853, Gadsden Purchase from Mexico.

27—The "Great Commoner" was William Jennings Bryan, the "Plumed Knight" was James G. Blaine, "Happy Warrior" was Alfred E. Smith, the "Little Giant" was Stephen A. Douglas.

28—Its present name is the Columbia River. The poem is Thanatopsis, by William Cullen Bryant: "Or lose thyself in

the continuous woods Where rolls the Oregon."

29—190 handshakes. The rule is: Subtract one from the total number of Quiz Kids—nineteen (a person would not shake hands with himself), multiply it by the total number—twenty—and divide by two.

30—An ornithorhynchus is a duck-billed platypus, an egg-laying animal with webbed feet and a bill similar to that of a duck.

31—There are two Cocos Islands—one is on the Pacific side of the Panama Canal; the other is in the Indian Ocean, south of Sumatra. There are two Christmas Islands, one near Cocos Island in the Indian Ocean, the other directly south of the Hawaiian Islands.

32—A Torricellian vacuum is "that empty space in the top of a mercury barometer." It is an almost perfect vacuum, and is named after Torricelli, who was the inventor of the mercury barometer.

33—Electrostatics refers to static electricity, such as that produced when a hard-rubber comb is run through the hair, or that observed in a flash of lightning; while electrokinetics means "ordinary" or current electricity.

34—Cadmium, calcium, carbon, cerium, cesium, chlorine, chromium, cobalt, columbium, copper.

35—It is a city in central Ceylon.

36—Nine and a half pounds.

37—Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, Coahuila, Chihuahua, Sonora, and Baja California.

38—Nine blocks. Since I walk two thirds as fast as he does, when he gets home I still have one third of the way to go. This one third is three blocks. Therefore the total distance is nine blocks.

39—Eat it. It is a confection made to look like fruits and vegetables.

40— $200 \times 199 \times 198 \times 197 \times 196$ divided by $1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 = 2,535,650,040$ teams.

YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT

YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

IT'S true—all smokers sometimes inhale. But—between PHILIP MORRIS and other leading cigarettes there's a tremendous difference in irritant qualities. Doctors who compared the five leading brands report that...

IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS, IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS HIGH—AND LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

Finest tobaccos—of course. But that's not enough! PHILIP MORRIS are made differently. They taste better—they're proved better for your nose and throat.

Just Remember—It's America's Finest Cigarette



THIS MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY
OLD SARGE



READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

★ TELL this new gang to treasure diaries, mementos, and everything connected with their period of service. They won't regret it in the future. I was a naval volunteer in War No. 1. Did right well in the service, too. But I never had the *esprit*. When I was discharged, I left Bremerton, threw my papers out of the train window, partied in Portland, returned to work, and lived to regret all the memories of service I'd lost.

I know the name of only one man in my outfit and have no contact with any others. I have missed entirely the incomparable middle-age satisfaction that comes from association with the bums and bankers, stevedores and stenographers, goons and governors who were my mates. I'd give plenty to do it over again. It may sound silly to the boys now; but the boys aren't middle-aged, full of love for their country, impotent to help it by fighting—and lonesome.

*Another Ex-Gob,
Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Your letter was inspired by the other Ex-Gob's story, printed in December 20 Liberty. The point made by you both is so important that it cannot be overemphasized or told too often. Perhaps it will help the youngsters of today to appreciate what present associations can mean in later life.

Is it true that no college training or its equivalent is now required for Army Air Corps pilot candidates? Am I, an enlisted man in another branch of the Service, eligible for such training?

*Pvt. J. W. K.,
Camp Edwards, Mass.*

It is true and you are eligible if you are a high-school graduate, between eighteen and twenty-two years of age, and can pass the physical and mental exams. Enlisted candidates receive the same training as Flying Cadets, and when graduated have the rating of Staff Sergeant and base pay of \$108 a month.

Now that we're actually at war, isn't something going to be done about reduced postage rates, especially for men serving outside the United States where air mail is so very expensive?

Mrs. B. L. B., Highland Park, Mich.

At the request of President Roosevelt, made in the latter part of December, air mail to and from American armed forces outside the United States is now carried at the domestic air-mail rate of six cents a half ounce or fraction thereof.

Some time before war was declared I had applied for a dependency discharge, not because I wanted out but because of changed conditions at home which seemed to make it necessary. I understood that official investigation confirmed my appeal and my discharge was to be granted. But I've heard nothing more and I wonder

whether the delay is temporary or permanent.

Pvt. L. C. W., Fort Sill, Okla.

Shortly after war was declared, action on all uncompleted dependency cases was suspended and none will now be taken.

You recently published a letter from a selectee's mother about the hardships endured by her son stationed in Alaska. Well, my son is up there also, and according to his letters he's getting a great kick out of it. Hardships? Yes, plenty of them, but a lot of novelty and fun, too. Apparently the radio especially means a great deal to the men and I hope the local stations are still broadcasting in spite of the war.

Mrs. L. K. W., Lincoln, Neb.

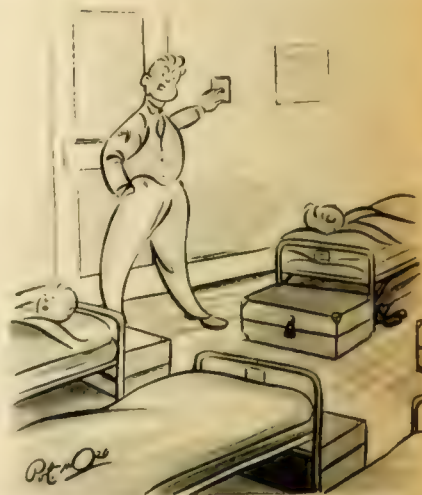
They still are, according to latest reports. Another letter tells me that one of the radio programs most enjoyed by the men in Alaska is the Mennen Company's Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt show, which is recorded and rebroadcast over four local Alaskan stations each Sunday night. A fine idea and good entertainment for the men.

Hey, Sarge! My old man was in the last show, and when this edition was announced the first thing I thought of was, now I can shout him down when he starts popping off about being in a real shooting war. Oh boy, and will I the next time I get to go home! I only hope I can gather as many yarns about this fracas as he did in 1917-18. Some of his are corkers. How's about some more jokes on your page, Sarge? I'd like to add them to my collection.

Pvt. B. W. M., Camp Blanding, Fla.

Good service jokes have been few and far between lately . . . I mean printable ones. Any contributors will have the sincere thanks of this Old Sarge.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.



"Everybody comin'?"

CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Causes to be fearful
- 5 Certificate
- 10 Tool handle
- 14 Ancient Greek market place
- 15 Country
- 16 Musical drama
- 18 More domesticated
- 19 Speedy
- 20 Kind of finch
- 21 Expand (poetic)
- 22 Presently
- 24 Species of vetch
- 26 Consumed
- 27 Threatened
- 29 Healthy
- 30 Soared
- 31 Cry of cat
- 32 Fortune (pl.)

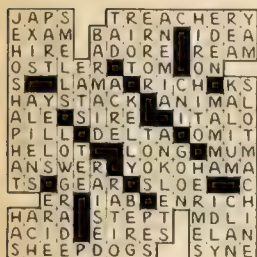
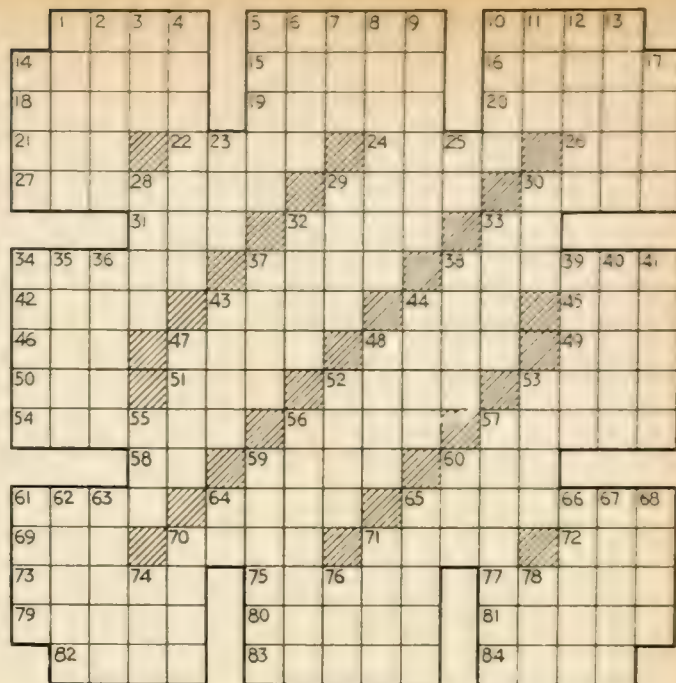
VERTICAL

- 33 Pronoun
- 34 Bird
- 37 Welt
- 38 Part of the throat
- 42 Black
- 43 Buffoon
- 44 Cleaning implement
- 45 Period
- 46 Flying mammal
- 47 Ore vein
- 48 Naked
- 49 Female parent
- 50 American Indian
- 51 Number
- 52 Ossified tissue
- 53 Dislike intensely
- 54 Entice
- 56 Confederate
- 57 Whipped
- 58 Like
- 59 Old
- 60 Companion (slang)
- 61 Cipher
- 64 Roman poet
- 65 Put out of office
- 69 Beverage
- 70 Urchin
- 71 Wise men of the East
- 72 Part of to be
- 73 Church official
- 75 Malayan animal
- 77 Mountain range
- 79 Elude

- 80 Make amends for
- 81 Pile up
- 82 Stared at
- 83 Network of nerves (pl.)
- 84 Geometrical figure

VERTICAL

- 1 Astonished
- 2 Females
- 3 Before
- 4 Medieval Mohammedan
- 5 Fish
- 6 Tribe of families
- 7 Tear
- 8 Copy
- 9 Pumps with feet
- 10 Flexible tube
- 11 Imitate
- 12 Untamed
- 13 Commonplace
- 14 Particle
- 17 Once more
- 23 Unused
- 25 Prefix: again
- 28 Word of ratification
- 29 Sinless
- 30 Marshland
- 32 Narrow path
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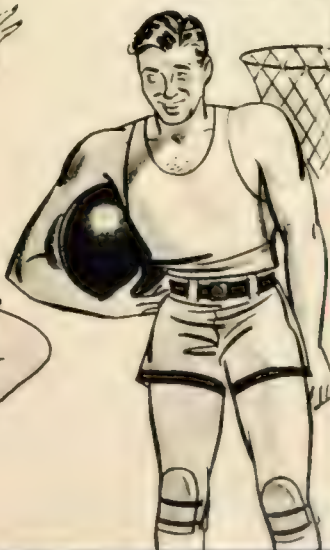


Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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them, the economy of effort and movement. This is it, Liz, she thought. For better or for worse, this is it—

The car stopped in her drive and he opened the door and stepped out. He came around and opened the door on her side of the car. His hand was under her arm as she stepped out. Together they mounted the veranda steps and she handed him the key.

"It's early yet," she said a little too lightly, bending to set Snorky down on the carpet. "Won't you come in awhile?"

When she straightened he was standing just inside the closed door, his hand still on the knob.

"Maybe you thought I wouldn't," he said, looking at her from under level brows.

"Snorky and I always have hot milk before we go to bed. I thought—"

"That's funny. So do I, when I'm at home."

"Then come along to the kitchen and have some now," she invited, preceding him to snap on lights.

On the kitchen table a tray stood ready with two glasses, two napkins, and a bowl of graham crackers.

"Talk about psychic!" said Elizabeth, feeling a little queer. "Look what Mary's done!"

"Seems I was expected," he remarked, and leaned himself companionably against the doorjamb, watching while she got the milk out of the refrigerator and warmed it on the stove. "I could carry that," he offered when the tray was ready, and departed into the living room with it while she put out the lights behind them.

★ THEY sat down with their glasses, each in a corner of the davenport which faced the fire, while Snorky lapped from his own dish on the hearthrug. It was Rodney who broke the perilous silence.

"You realize, of course," he remarked, "that you and I are heading for trouble in a Big Way."

"Are we?" she murmured, sipping her milk.

"There's no sense to this, and you know it as well as I do. There's no answer to it. This is one of those things that can't happen. But it's too late now. I'm in love with you, Liz, and it's playing hell with my life. I don't want to love you, I haven't time, it doesn't fit in with my plans!"

"Your plans—for going off to one Godforsaken place after another till finally you get yourself killed!" she cried, hurt and indignant. "What's New Guinea got that I haven't got?"

"Birds of paradise."

"And Mexico's got fancy eagles! What do you want with 'em?"

"I want 'em to thrive, and maybe breed, in captivity. I want to raise fledglings. See?"

"Prying, I call it! Prying into a poor bird's affairs!"

"Don't you ever have any legitimate curiosity yourself?"

"Yes, I have!"

"Really? That's good! What about?"

"You!"

"Me?"

"Yes, you!" she cried angrily. "What do you do with your private life? Are you ever tired or sick or bored or just plain lonely? Are you ever human? Have you ever been in love?"

"Once or twice."

"But both times you won, and so here you are!"

"As a matter of fact, the only time it really mattered, I lost."

"Don't tell me any woman ever had the sense to turn you down!"

"I was going to ask her to marry me. I had what they call Intentions. But another fellow beat me to it."

"I can well believe it!"

"I felt pretty bad about it for a while," he said more quietly, ignoring that. "But it would be awkward now, wouldn't it?—if she'd married me instead of the other guy—and then I'd found you sitting on that log. Because I'd have loved you just the same as I do now, which would have made things even more cockeyed than they are—if that were possible." His quietness, his sudden return to his habitual gentle gravity, silenced her. He glanced at her briefly, and away again. "Well, now you've been and gone and done it, haven't you? You couldn't rest, could you, till you'd made me say it? So there it is, right in your lap. I'm in love with you till I can't see straight. I hope you're satisfied."

"Well!" gasped Elizabeth. "This is probably the screwiest proposal a woman ever had!"

"It's not a proposal. I said I loved you. I didn't say anything about marriage."

"Really, Rodney—!"

"Oh, use your brains, Liz!" he cried impatiently, and set down his glass and rose. "I can go on loving you till the cows come home, but where do I fit into your life, or you into mine? We don't match, we just don't meet, anywhere! The whole thing is—is impossible!"

"I see," she said in a small cold voice. "Well, if that's the way you feel about it—" She rose and set her glass down too, and crossed to the door and opened it for him. "—good night, Rodney."

★ HE came toward her slowly down the room.

"I'm sorry, Liz—I've made you angry. I've—"

"Good night, Rodney."

He regarded her ruefully—the lovely carriage of her head, a little higher than usual now, her eyes so wide and brave in a chastening world, her full sweet mouth and dauntless chin—

"If only you wouldn't start looking like an orphan child every time I— Oh, what's the use!" All his resolution broke on a breath of indulgent laughter, and he kicked the door shut again as he took her into his arms.

Even while his lips descended on hers she was thinking, He's right, Liz, this won't do—just one, and then you

really must get a grip on things—just one— But by then his urgency had reached her and dizziness set in. When at last he let her go she could only collapse closer to him with her face hidden against his shoulder like a schoolgirl.

He searched out her chin with his forefinger and turned it upward. "If I kiss you once more," he said deliberately, "I'll never be free again. I'll never know peace again without you. Nothing I've planned to do will ever matter quite so much as it did. But don't get me wrong. Don't think I'm not going to kiss you—once more." And when he had done so, at his leisure— "Good night," he whispered, and reached backward for the knob, and with a last long smiling look at her from the threshold, closed the door on himself and was gone.

Elizabeth stood there, her eyes a little dazed. He had still not asked her to marry him.

★ IT was Friday before he came again.

Elizabeth was lying on her stomach on a rug laid down in the sun on the front lawn where it sloped toward the shore above the petunia bed. She was wearing practice clothes—blue cotton slacks and shirt, with a blue ribbon holding her dark curls behind her ears—and she was reading the script of the new show, which had not arrived till Thursday morning's mail. Snorky lay on the grass beside her, cherishing his rubber bone.

A car came into her drive and stopped. Its door slammed. Elizabeth lay still and held her breath. There had been so many false alarms which always proved to be the butcher or the man about the oilstove.

Then Snorky, too full for utterance, turned himself into a silent brown streak across the lawn toward Rodney, who paused, bent his knees, and held up both hands as though about to make a drop kick—Snorky took a flying leap at his chest and was of course safely caught and held.

Elizabeth rose from the rug and came toward them slowly, trying by will power to control her heart action.

"I may as well resign," she said. "Snorky has belonged to you, bag and baggage, ever since he first laid eyes on you." (That makes both of us, she thought. Shut up, Liz.)

"Good afternoon," said Rodney politely, and added without further preamble. "I have come to ask Snorky for your hand in marriage."

She stood there in the sunlight, blinking at him, while it went home. He set Snorky on his feet in the grass beside the rug and then faced her gravely.

"Rodney, do you really want to marry me?"

"No," he said at once, as though that much should have been obvious. "Of course not! I can't live without you, that's all. Especially when you go and tie your hair back with a blue ribbon."

She looked at him directly, holding on to herself with an effort. "Suppose

I just caved in this minute, and said Yes—what becomes of us?"

"I don't blame you for asking," he admitted, his grave eyes on her face. "It's a thing you've got a right to know in advance, if possible. I've given some thought to it myself during the past few days, and I've come to the conclusion that I Don't Know. But the funny part is, I find I don't seem to care. Well, I mean—"

"That other woman—the one who got tired of waiting for you to ask her—what was she like?"

"Has that got any particular bearing on—"

"Yes, it has. You must have had some sort of life in view with her. What was it like?"

"Just the usual sort of thing, I suppose. A small house near the campus, with a maid and a cook—somebody cheerful to come home to at night—somebody beautiful across the table—somebody sweet to wake up with. Marcia would have fitted into the university routine quite easily; she was very young and—"

☆ "MARCIA?" repeated Elizabeth, and crinkled her nose. "Was that her name? Was she one of your students?"

"Oh, Lord, no! She was Bryn Mawr."

"Oh-h, I see! One of those!" Elizabeth nodded her ribboned head with a world of meaning. "Do you see her often?"

"No. I've never seen her since she married, two years ago."

He sat down quite close to her and laid hold of the arm which supported her, running his fingers down it to the hand which rested on the rug between them. "I'm the first to concede one thing," he said. "The life I lead is nothing to offer you. I'll always have to go wherever I can whenever I get the chance. After I lost Marcia to a man who sits in an office all day every day, I—well, I made up my mind not to marry, because I could see that no woman would be satisfied with my kind of goings-on—unless she loved me enough to—"

"To be satisfied with crumbs."

"Well, I only thought—that is, I hoped that since you had your own work, something to do when we are separated—you might not find it too much of a bore—"

"Sounds like an ideal arrangement, doesn't it? Whenever you feel the urge to go to Mexico, I do a new show and everybody's happy!"

"Well, perhaps not ideal, but—it's the way I am, I guess," he admitted.

Elizabeth sat still—so still that he could see the little pulse that beat in her throat while he waited. He could not guess from her hands, so quiet under his, or from her delicious profile, which was all he could see, that Liz Dare was fighting the battle of her life against all her impulses. Patience, Liz, don't rush it. This is your whole life, Liz, your life or else nothing at all. That Marcia, maybe she wasn't so dumb. Better no Rodney at all than mere snippets of him now

and then, when he has nothing better to do. You had the right idea, Marcia, but you didn't have the follow-through. Double or quits, Marcia, those are brave words you've taught me, but heavens, girl, you've got to be around when he comes to, you've got to see it through—all the way through. Well, here I go, Marcia. Wish me better luck than you had! "No, Rodney, it isn't good enough," she said.

There was a long silence.

"I was afraid of that," he said finally, with an unself-conscious



Liberty again scoops the daily press—this time with a candid shot of a Schemectady workman handling a pane of the recently discovered invisible glass.

humility which was very nearly the end of her.

"Rodney—I've told you before—Liz Dare is human."

"M'm-hm," he agreed at once. "But not human enough."

"Rodney, it's because I am human. When you were away, racketing around heaven only knows where, enjoying yourself and risking your silly neck, I'd be scared! Because I am in love with you, Rodney Monroe. But before I throw up my hands and go down for the third time, what guaranty do I get that I won't be the college widow after the first year? If I marry you, I want you to live to a ripe old age."

"Well, I will! If only you'd get rid of this crazy notion that I'm always in danger when I'm in the field! I'm not. If you don't believe it, come with me to Mexico and see for yourself!"

"The Eagle's Mate! Oh, no, not me! I'm not the type!"

"All right, so it's out," he said amiably. "Now what are we fighting about?"

His eyes were on her, laughing and kind and compelling. It looked so easy. It would be such fun—while it lasted. Steady, Liz. She pointed to the script, open on the rug beside him.

"Do you see that? That's my new show. We start on Monday, and open before Thanksgiving. But by that time you'll have Andrew's check for ten thousand dollars and Mexico. That's life, Rodney. That's the way you want it, and that's the way you're going to get it. But we don't have to say good-bye forever—provided you get back alive, of course! You can still see Liz Dare from the front row, but with this difference—now you have to take her out to supper after the show!" She rose in a single flash of movement and stood looking down at him with her charming pointed smile.

"Why marry the gal, Rodney? Just look me up whenever you come to town!"

He came to his feet too, at that, and his voice was dangerously quiet as he said:

"You know better than that."

But she struck again, all her claws out, because she felt humiliated, felt she had abased herself, all for nothing, to a man who could have kissed her into submission even now, only he wouldn't try.

"A girl might as well marry a sailor!" she cried.

☆ HE was keeping his temper with a visible effort.

"You know perfectly well that there would be months—sometimes years—when I never went anywhere that you couldn't go if you liked."

"After you've finished with Mexico!" she giped.

"I have no immediate prospect of going to Mexico," he told her patiently.

"Oh, yes, you have!" she said between her teeth. "You're going to Mexico before you're a year older, if it's the last thing I do!"

"In that case, I suppose I should say thank you," he said in polite and formal tones. "Good-by, Liz."

He held out his hand. Slowly hers came into his. He stooped and laid his lips against her fingers, and then walked away across the grass.

She stood where she was and watched him drive away without a backward look or a wave of his hand. Then she went into the house and buried her face against Snorky's soft mane and cried real tears—the first in a long, long time that she had shed because of any man.

Will Rodney give in? Or will Elizabeth's love overcome her caution and send her to his arms on his terms? Next week's chapter reveals the outcome of a woman's gallant struggle with her own passionate heart.

MISSISSIPPI

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PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

☆ "I'LL get space for you on the Indian Queen tomorrow," Jim Blake promised. "About four in the afternoon. You and your maid and James and—can Coolin walk yet?"

"He was up showing James a thing he called a 'right cross' this afternoon. It looked like hitting each other."

"He'll do, then. . . . Now, at four o'clock you be down there—you and your whole caravan."

"But, Jim—there's my furniture! You can't just leave a house like that!"

"You can, my darling, if you have made the kind of a fool of yourself you did tonight. I'll see to your furniture somehow. I'll be on the boat. We'll make plans for Texas as we go. The main thing is to get out of here."

"Ah, Jim—Jim!" She put her arms around him. She kissed him. "Jim, I'll love you truly. I'll be a good wife to you—as good as I possibly can."

☆ "DON'T do that—stop! . . . Bruce! Some one's coming!" Some one was coming—fast. Right down the moonlit path. Bruce Norris saw the big shoulders—heavens, had the yokel come to apologize? After everything had been fixed?

He hadn't. He stopped short in front of the couple. "Your pardon, Miss Lansfield—I've got to have a word with Mr. Norris."

The way he bit it out didn't sound like an apology.

Norris said, "Glad to talk to you—some other time. At present I'm with a lady, as you can see." . . . That ought to do it. It was absolutely irregular, practically beyond the pale, to speak of a gentlemen's quarrel before a lady. Even a big upriver bull calf like Dan Bedford should know that.

"If Miss Lansfield would care to withdraw—"

"No reason why Miss Lansfield should withdraw."

"Certainly not," agreed Lilian. "Now, do please go peaceably, Mr. Bedford—for my sake."

Bruce Norris swore under his breath. Trust her to say the wrong thing every single time. . . . "I'll handle this, please, Miss Lansfield. Now, Bedford, you're bein' foolish. I don't want to talk about it before Miss Lansfield—"

"Miss Lansfield can withdraw—or she can listen if she wants to. I want that meeting."

Three men and the heart of Kate Ryan—Who wins? The story ends with a swift surprise

BY CLEMENTS RIPLEY

"Bedford, I tell you the matter has been settled. When a gentleman puts his affair into the hands of his friends and they arrange it, he doesn't go back on them. . . . Now, I've been generous—I waived your hitting me and offered you a meeting. Later, it turned out that the whole provocation came over a woman who was not what she represented herself—who was notorious—"

"Please, Mr. Bedford!" Lilian Lansfield put out a fluttery hand. "He's right. She admitted to me—"

"Shut up!" yelled Bruce Norris, too late.

Dan Bedford turned to her. "I understood you had a part in this—I reckon that clinches it. So I can go on without offending a lady."

"Bruce! Are you going to stand there and see me insulted?"

"You bet I am, honey-belle. . . . Now, Bedford, I'm not goin' to face your pistol over Kate Ryan—or you either, honey-belle. (And shut your face, will you?) . . . I don't have to. I don't want to kill you, because it would make me ridiculous. And you might kill me, and that would be worse. You've put yourself out of court. I don't have to give you a duel, and I'm not going to. Either about Kate Ryan or honey-belle here."

"What have I done? . . . Bruce—Dan! What have I said?"

Neither man paid the slightest attention to her.

"Carryin' a gun, Norris?"

"No!"

That was a lie, Dan Bedford knew; Norris always carried a derringer in his waistcoat—a small pistol with under-and-over barrels, good if you shoved it against a man's belly.

"Get you a gun," said Dan pleasantly. "I'll give you two hours to get

a gun. After that time, when I see you—any time, anywhere, I'll kill you!"

☆ CAITLIN was packing. She had been packing since last night in a frantic effort to be aboard the Indian Queen, and to get so tired that she could sleep when she did get there, and not lie awake all night thinking about Dan Bedford.

And then Janice came back from an errand, and her eyes were round. "What they sayin' on the street, Miz Preswal"—sayin' Mist' Bedford huntin' Mist' Norris with a gun!"

"Do be still, Janice! That was all settled last night. Get the sheets from the second shelf in the linen room, and don't talk nonsense about things you don't understand." Caitlin's nerves were wearing thin.

"Yes'm! No'm! . . . Jussa same, Willy de barber takin' the black folks' bets on it right now, an' Romulus at the hotel, he claim the gen'leman in the bar is givin' five to th'ee on Mist' Norris. . . . No'm, I ain't say nothin', Miz Preswal. But the she'ff man, he got his scatter-gun on his arm an' his hat cocked sideways, an' he say he goin' to lock the see-vive-us in the jailhouse. That's the identical same word he utter . . . the see-vive-us. Where you wish them sheets to go, ma'am?"

Caitlin stood still. It seemed to her that everything was still. Even the hot cicadas stopped. . . .

"Yes'm, the gen'lemen fixin' to shoot. Where you say you wish these sheets, ma'am?"

Caitlin looked at Janice, with her arms full of sheets and her lip stuck out . . . Suddenly Caitlin began to run.

She ran down the stairs in her old bedgown and slippers. She lost a slip-

"Now don't be strugglin' an' screamin' against me—please."



per and felt the path bite her bare heel. The fool! The damn fool!

Something stopped her. An arm—a gentle, respectful arm. "Let me go!"

"Why, now, your ladyship, this wouldn't be right at all. In your bedgown, an' one shoe off an' one shoe on—an' you to run in the street. Now, your ladyship, don't be strugglin' an' screamin' against me—please. I am a very strong man. I can pick you up like a drowned kitten an' put you back in your house where you belong. . . ."

"Dan Bedford!" Caitlin tried to scream it at him, but the words were

muffled by his thick arm over her mouth. "I've got to see him."

"Why, now, your ladyship, if you want a gentleman that bad, wouldn't it be logical you'd tell me? And I'd fetch him here?"

★ COOLIN, in his top hat, walked toward the River. Mr. Bedford would be at the Appeal office. He didn't know just where that was, but a couple of people gave him directions. They said it would have a sign in front.

Coolin couldn't read a sign, but he guessed at the Appeal office. It

was a one-story board shanty and it had a sign.

From behind a bush a cold voice said, "Coolin!"

Coolin stopped. He had a sudden cold trickle of sweat between his shoulders. Then he breathed again. Sure, it was nobody but Mr. Norris, and him poking his white face out of the bush. Coolin said, "Good day to you, sir," and started to walk on.

"Stand right there!" Norris produced a pistol.

That was a different thing. "Now, Mr. Norris, I am on an errand for her ladyship, and there's a haste on me. And you are a very dirty gentleman, savin' your presence, that I wouldn't want to be caught talkin' to at all. So I'll just—"

"Stand still!"

Norris cracked it out with a sudden tension. Coolin saw the muzzle of the pistol shift—saw Bruce Norris' eyes flick beyond him. Then out of the corners of his own he saw Dan Bedford come out of the Appeal office.

There was a fighter's instinct in Coolin that moved him faster than thought. Before Norris could pull the trigger, he had moved in with a boxer's step between the pistol and Dan Bedford.

"Keep away!" Norris yelled.

"I will not, sir! I will take that thing from you and I will trample the tripe of you—" His left hand shot out.

There was a crash. Something hit him in the brisket, spun him half around, near doubled him up. . . . He straightened in one slow motion. There was a buzzing in his ears.

"So it's murder ye want, sir!"

"Keep away!" Norris screamed as he backed into the bush.

Coolin kept coming right on after him, hands half open, eyes crafty, feet moving like a boxer's.

Norris yanked a derringer from under his waistcoat and shot him once more before Coolin got his hands on him. . . .

Coolin hauled him out of the bush, flung him on the ground, and jumped on him, carefully, just to make sure. . . . Then his knees wouldn't hold him up any more, and he found himself slipping down into a blue mist.

There were shouts—running feet—a clabber of voices round him. He felt the bite of whisky in his throat, and the mist cleared a little. He seemed to be lying on the ground, with a ring of faces above him.

He said, "Where's me hat?" And then—"I thank you, Mr. Blake—sure, it is Mr. Blake, isn't it? I've a buzzin' in me ears, an' I don't see very good someway—me that's got eyes like a hawk."

"Lie still and let the doctor look to you."

Coolin became aware that somebody was prodding at his belly. He said, "Why, now, Mr. Blake, it seems I got meself into a bit o' trouble, so if ye'll just tell Mr. Bedford—I seen him about here a minute ago—"

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"I'm here, Coolin! I've got you to thank—"

"Mr. Bedford! Will your honor get out of this and go to her ladyship—"

"He means Mrs. Preswald!" Blake's voice was suddenly harsh with an unhappy premonition.

"Who else? An' herself runnin' outa the house screechin' holy murther—one shoe off an' one shoe on. An' says I, 'You will go back in the house, your ladyship, an' make yourself fitting. An' I will go after Mr. Bedford. An' if Mr. Bedford is alive I'll bring him to you, and if he isn't I won't,' I says. . . . Mr. Blake, will you make that fella quit pokin' into the tripes of me?"

Blake looked at the doctor. The doctor got to his feet. He shook his head unhappily.

Dan Bedford said, "There isn't anything I can say to thank you—"

"Then don't say it, your honor. Sure, I promised her ladyship to bring Mr. Bedford, and I would have blood, murther, and sudden death but I would bring Mr. Bedford. Let you get going, now—"

Coolin's voice sank to a mumble. He closed his eyes. . . . After a moment he said, "Would you put me hat at me hand, sir? I thank you."

He stroked the nap with his fingertips. Then his hand fell back, limp. . . . "I'm a very strong man—"

☆ HALF an hour later Blake came out onto the pillared portico of the Gayoso House, saw Dan Bedford, and said: "You still here?"

Upstairs, Coolin lay peaceful in his swagtail coat, his hat in the crook of his arm.

From the bar came a clatter of voices and the steady ring of silver on mahogany. Memphis hadn't seen a thing like this since Judge Silus adjourned court and shot the county prosecutor from the bench.

" . . . I'm taking care of the arrangements," Blake said levelly. "I don't need any help and I won't take any interference. Is that plain, Mr. Bedford?"

Dan Bedford's square face broke up into bewilderment. "Look, I'm not tryin' to insult you. It just seemed that the least I could do was—"

"The least you can do is do what Coolin asked—go to Kate Ryan—"

"You mean Mrs. Preswald," Dan corrected.

"I suppose by now somebody has told you that Mrs. Preswald is Kate Ryan—"

"Everybody in Memphis."

"And that's why you haven't gone?"

"Blake," said Dan Bedford, "if you're trying to be offensive, please say so. I'm not very bright at taking offense, but if—"

"No—no!" Blake put his hand on his arm. "I'm nervous, I guess—edgy. It's—well, I've had a hard decision to make. This Coolin business has complicated things. Sorry."

"The reason I haven't gone to Mrs. Preswald," Dan told him, "is that she doesn't want to see me. Coolin got it wrong, that's all."

"Coolin may have had his faults, Bedford, but getting a thing like that wrong wasn't one of them. She sent for you because she needed you. If you don't want to go, that's your affair. You've been told, I take it, that she's supposed to have been my fancy-girl?"

"Nope," Dan said evenly. "Nobody said that. If he had, I'd have hit him. I can't very well hit you, because you're a lot smaller than me—and a lot older. I can walk you around to the Front Street side, though, and wash out your mouth with good red mud. Mrs. Preswald isn't the kind of person who does that sort of thing. Don't claim to be bright, but I know that much."

Jim Blake didn't know whether his heart leaped or sank. But he had set out to do this thing, and he was going to do it. He wasn't going to write a book on mathematics; he wasn't going to be a professor at Harvard; he wasn't going to have a peaceful room with candlelight on mahogany and a slim lovely wife in his arms—he was going to do this!

"The young," said Jim Blake to nobody in particular, "are so damn young! . . . Nothing, Mr. Bedford—what you've said is entirely correct. So correct that . . ."

"I suppose this is one of your ways of givin' me a horselaugh."

"Whatever I may be doing, I am not laughing; you can be sure of that."

Blake pulled his watch from his pocket—stared at it, and his jaw dropped. "My heavens, I've let you keep me talking till— She's going aboard the Indian Queen, downriver, at four! It's half after three. She'll be on the landing. No tickets, no money—all her trunks and furniture—" He hauled out a packet. . . . "There's the whole thing—and I can't leave here on account of Coolin! Damn and to hell—"

Dan Bedford was seeing Blake really upset for the first time in his life. He grinned. "Gimme that—I'll see her aboard."

"That wouldn't do any good. Somebody's got to get her and her caravan off the Indian Queen again. Look—here's a reservation I had for myself—ticket, cabin—but I can't use it now. She'll be distressed about Coolin—I don't envy you. But if you can make it—go downriver with her . . ."

"I'll make it!"

Blake watched him take three steps at a time and leap into a hack. He saw the driver lick his horse into a gallop.

☆ WELL, if those two couldn't whack up something in two days on the River, they never could. . . . He set his watch back an hour carefully—as he had set it forward deftly. (Not that Dan Bedford had looked at it. But sitting an hour on the landing in the sun would do the pup no harm.)

He hoped he had done right. Anyhow, Erasmus would be happy.

THE END



TO THE

LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

★ MARRIAGE, meals, and money help you reach a ripe old age. Married women in general live longer than unmarried women; married men outlive bachelors. People with funds enough in the bank to afford a checking account average a 40 per cent better long-life chance than those who don't prosper above petty cash. . . . I tell you all this after an interesting talk with Dr. Louis I. Dublin, vice-president and statistics research chief for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Dr. Dublin thinks good home conditions, sound in family, food, and finance, have been more important than heredity in adding years to our span. A nice point about his belief is that we ourselves are principally responsible for our own longevity rather than owing it—or lack of it—to a set of ancestors we did not select. . . . Housewives may well feel inspired by the following view Dr. Dublin expressed to me: "I expect," he said, "that the progress toward longevity made by medicine and public hygiene during the past twenty years will be equaled in the kitchens of America during the next twenty years or so. Don't let jokers dissuade you from taking vitamin knowledge seriously. It's the real thing! It promises to bring us a new era of health and happiness. Farmers, millers, and food manufacturers are co-operating keenly for its advancement, but much of its application will depend upon good food buying and good home cooking—the woman's job! The more women learn about scientific food values, the faster will be our accomplishment of longer, happier living."

★ RIGHT down your vitamin alley is this *Garden Loaf* to serve with cold roast beef or lamb, and a mushroom sauce. To make the loaf, blend these ingredients in a large mixing bowl: ½ cup grated beets, ½ cup grated onions, 1 cup grated car-

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

rots, 1 cup chopped celery, 2 cups dry whole-wheat bread crumbs, 2 cups lukewarm milk, 1 egg, 1 cup cheese diced very small, 1 clove minced garlic (optional), 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon paprika, pinch of thyme, pinch of sage, pepper and salt to taste. Press into buttered baking dish; bake 35 to 45 minutes in moderate oven. Slice thick. Pass around hot mushroom sauce to go on the loaf.

★ NOW back to Dr. Dublin for a minute. He gave me an entertaining and convincing answer when I asked him why, in his opinion, prosperity brings so much divorce as well as longevity. "Idleness," he replied. "It makes me laugh when I think what a snowball's chance any philanthropic man would have had around

my mother when I was a kid. Not that she wasn't full of life, but there were ten of us children to work and plan for, to say nothing of father. If people who go to Reno were as busy as that, the divorce production would soon slow down."

★ WITHOUT touches of scandal no opera history could be complete. Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock have included them, along with 600 pages of music information, in their new book, *The Opera . . . 1600 to 1941*. (Published by Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.)

★ INVESTIGATING the link between beauty culture and superstitious faith in magic, folklore expert Akos Szendry has discovered some strange practices. Among country people near Budapest, rose leaves and a red apple are dunked in a girl-baby's first bath so she'll have pink cheeks later on. To protect her against spinsterhood, her first infant dress is made out of her mother's wedding gown. A hard-boiled egg is rubbed over her face to lend it the much desired oval form. To bless the home of a newlywed couple, I learn from Mr. Szendry, a neighbor's baby is brought in and rolled on the bed!

★ OUR modern way to beauty seems more logical, though not nearly so picturesque and witchcrafty. Gorgeous eyelashes, we're told now by the optical profession, grow thickest, curliest, and longest on girls who keep at their athletic sports.

★ "HOW can I cure my habit of throwing things when I get mad?" writes a young lady from Washington, D. C. "Since I was a child I've tried to stop it, but can't. It's so terribly ill bred—and I break things I wish I hadn't." . . . Dearie, yours is no etiquette problem. You need a policeman.



"A raise? And just when I've finally figured out a budget based on your old salary!"



THE LAST WORD:

NEW VISTAS FOR MANKIND AFTER THE WAR

FULTON OURSLER

IN DETROIT THERE LIVES

a scientific sage whose name is Charles F. Kettering. Most people out there—and elsewhere—think of him as "Boss" Kettering, a vice-president of General Motors Corporation, whose genius in mechanics and invention has greatly advanced the automotive industry. Like most inventors and other benefactors of the human race, Mr. Kettering is not a garrulous man. On rare occasions he has been known to make a speech, when he felt that time and circumstance would make his utterance helpful. Seldom, if ever, has he written for publication. That is all the more reason why Liberty is proud to announce the publication of an article next week under Mr. Kettering's authorship.

New Vistas for Mankind is the title of this prophetic and heartening piece. In it Mr. Kettering shows that while war is horrible, its aftereffects are often constructive. The increase in the tempo of men's thoughts stimulates the imagination and ingenuity of human brains, and out of this travail come new gifts to the race. Here is the vision of a dreamer who hammers his dreams into hard and useful realities—a kind of article more timely, more heartening today than ever before.

AND THEN THERE IS

Strange Woman, another of Liberty's already famous streamlined condensations of modern best sellers. The fiction readers of the United States have been slowly discovering Strange Woman, by Ben Ames Williams, for months, and now, week by week, its sale is growing. It is the story of a woman with a unique power over the lives of men; a woman who gave men happiness and misery, but who seemed able only once to find happiness herself. Here is a fine, absorbing story brought to the swift vivid tempo of Liberty's pages. We hope you will not miss it.

WHAT IS THE MYSTERY

of Lourdes? Science looks at the extraordinary healings in the French shrine and confesses itself baffled. Self-deception cannot explain these wonderful cures. Neither can autosuggestion nor any form of psychotherapeutics. Morris Markey, who is not a Catholic, has examined the evidence accumulated from this amazing shrine, and tells a factual story that will make even the skeptic pause and think. Decla Dunning has a fine short story called

Please Forward the Johnsons' Mail; Walter Karig offers a timely profile, What Price Censorship? about our new government censor. Jack Singer has an article for the hot-stove baseball league called Hard-Luck Guy, about Whitlow Wyatt. Sidney Skolsky brings you Screen Test, a quiz on Hollywood that will keep any fan on his toes. Edward R. Sammis tells about radio's incorrigible commentator, Henry Morgan. These and other features, together with another installment of Elswyth Thane's From This Day Forward and the final installment of Emil Ludwig's biography of Stalin, make up an exciting issue and we hope you will all like it.

THE FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

was wroth with George Jean Nathan about his reference to Grand Rapids furniture. You will find the Grand Rapids case carefully documented on the Vox Pop pages of this issue. It seems to me that George here committed the kind of blunder that will suffuse his handsome face with the blush of shame. What he did was to utter a cliché. Grand Rapids as a synonym for poor furniture is a cliché, and a very untrue one.

THE TRICKIEST WOMAN I EVER KNEW

is an Irish girl called Dell O'Dell. You never know what she will do next. I watched her one night listening patiently to a braggart in a New York dinner club. She left the table for a few minutes, and when she returned she had a kind of glass box with electric lights in it. The braggart had been telling how brave he was. Miss O'Dell dared him to put his head in this box. He did so, and as one looked at him through the glass his head had shrunk to about one third its natural size, which everybody felt was very appropriate. By now you must have guessed that Dell O'Dell is a magician, one of the few lady conjurers in the history of an ancient art. She has appeared for long runs at the Hotel Warwick, the Rainbow Room, and other famous places in New York. She has fun, skill, and endless readiness to please. The most mysterious woman in America today, she is contributing her services to crippled children in the morning, soldiers in the afternoon, and tries to earn a living at night.



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



Men Without Milk

The short stature of the Japanese, their bowed legs, their frequent poor eyesight are all blamed on inadequate diet—particularly lack of milk!

But watch a six-foot American truck driver eat *his* lunch.

A whole *bottle* of milk—a pint or often a quart of it. Thick, wholesome slices of bread, *made* with milk; lots of butter spread on them. And a slab of cheese the size of a hand between them!

Or watch an American schoolgirl or a secretary climb onto a soda-fountain stool and vanquish a "chocolate-malt" or a dish of ice cream.

MILK—and products of milk. Rich in protein for strong muscles. Rich in calcium and phosphorus that sound teeth, sturdy bones are made from. Rich in Vitamin A and in some parts of the complex Vitamin B. Vitamin D milk has the bone-straightening "sunshine" vitamin. Butter, cheese, ice

cream, powdered, malted, condensed or evaporated milk—all are sources of important nutritional factors.

America drinks *lots* of milk. America *likes* the rich flavor and tempting taste which milk and its products give to our food.

Today our Government asks us to make ourselves strong—strong in arms and ships, strong in the mind, spirits and bodies of America's man power.

And here, right on our very doorsteps, is a great source of the stamina the nation needs—and which *each* of us so much wants.

WHEN YOUR DAIRY, your food store or your restaurant urges you to use more milk or to eat more foods made from milk or with it, it is aiding our Government's program to build a strong America.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Liberty.

THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.



MILK AND CHEESE—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

MEAT, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.



GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.



BREAD, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

IT'S CHESTERFIELD
says LOIS JANUARY
Star of Stage and Screen



This Year **IT'S CHESTERFIELD**

*always Milder and Better-Tasting
always Cooler-Smoking...that's what makes Chesterfield
the steady smoke of more smokers every day. You can count on
Chesterfields to give you, day in and day out, more smoking pleasure
than you ever had before...So make your next pack Chesterfield and
its right combination of the world's finest cigarette tobaccos will go
to work to give you all you want in a cigarette* **They Satisfy**